The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVI. | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1883. | NO. 47

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

The Penn'a railroad is herewith reminded that this is a very favorable fall to go to work on the completion of an unfinished railroad.

Tom Searight has been defeated for President Judge in the Fayette district, which is heavily Democratic; he managed to be the regular party nominee. Ingram, democrat, was run by Democrats who did not like Searight. The opposition to Searight among Democrats arose because he was in the habit of going from one party to another, to get office. He was once a Democrat, and when the party got out of power, he went with the opposition and when the opposition lost ground then he came back to the Democrats again. There are more such fellows and the best any party can do for them is to defeat them. They are only with a party when it is in the majority and want office. This class of office seekers is the meanest of that class of kittens. Served Searight right. Maybe he can see right now.

The local railroad committee might feel like informing the Penn'a Railroad Co. that it is getting too long between drinks.

There was a man in Bellefonte the other day who never heard of Luther.—*Republican.*

That identical man went to the polls, two days thereafter, and voted the Republican ticket saying he never knew there were two parties.

At Danville, Va., on 3, a conflict occurred between a crowd of whites and colored men, in which Walter S. Holland, a son of C. G. Holland, was shot in the head and is supposed to be mortally wounded, and Thos. Stewart shot in the body. Five negroes were killed, and it is supposed many were wounded. The beginning of the conflict was the beating by one of the citizens of a negro, who abused another negro for apologizing for an apparent rudeness and spoke roughly about the citizen.

"Governor" Beaver, it is said, will again be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor.

There will be 325 members in the next House of Representatives instead of the 293 in the last House. The Eastern States have the 75 they had in the last House; the Western States have 109 instead of 62; the Southern States have 121 instead of 106. The Democrats have a majority of 64, or twice the number of new members. The Democrats will have 194 members in all. The East sends 42, the West 51 and the South 101.

The result of the Virginia election puts puppy Mahone out of the senate. That's good enough had we lost all the rest.

In another column Gov. Curtin and Ed. Blanchard, Esq., answer the inquiry made in last week's Reporter relative to an alleged bargain between the Penn'a and B. E. V. Railroad Companies, not to have the Pennsvalley road completed. These parties deny any knowledge of such an agreement and do not believe it. It has been openly charged for several years, and the opportunity we offered for a denial was in justice to the parties whom it affected if the charge is untrue. The two distinguished gentlemen above named, by their letters leave us to doubt the truthfulness of the charge. Our columns are open for the "other side."

We knew Sylvester would not make it—there never was a Ray of hope for a man by that name.

The state outside of Philadelphia went democratic by several thousand majority. A better turnout among the democrats would have fetched the enemy, who have pegged through without holding their own.

Bill Shortlege has saved the few hairs on his head "with the skin of his teeth." If he bets again, and his party has "one more such victory," he will need a wig, sure.

Ben Butler can now retire to the amen corner of the Greenback party of Massachusetts, or start a tanyard in opposition to the one at Tewksbury.

Gov. Curtin did good service for the Democratic cause in the late campaign.

By paying the Reporter one year in advance and sending us a new name with a year's pay in advance, we will send each the "Chicago Weekly News" free one year as a premium. A splendid chance to get a good western paper free.

Mr. James Exley, 1203 N. 5th street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: I have used Brown's Iron Bitters as an appetizer and found them excellent.

LUTHER.

The Luther anniversaries all over the world, by all protestant denominations, within the last few days, indicate that all churches know the infinite good wrought by the great German theologian. Luther was not a Lutheran, any more than he was a Methodist or Presbyterian or churchman of any other name, he is honored and can only be honored as the great Reformer and founder of Protestantism.

In our own county, we are pleased to chronicle in the Reporter, Martin Luther's name and deeds have been honored with memorial services in all parts of the county, participated in by members of all Protestant denominations. We take pride in making mention of the fact.

Recently it was suggested that a monument be built to Martin Luther. In our opinion no monument can be built that will serve to commemorate the man. Martin Luther does not need a monument. Adam, Abraham, Moses, or even the Savior, do not need monuments—they are greater than any monument can make them, and to suggest it would mean to loose faith in the vitality of Christianity.

As to Luther, the world is full of his monuments, unconsciously erected. Every Baptist, Reformed, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, or other Protestant church, is a monument to Luther. Every one of their church spires as it points heavenward, speaks in comemoration of Martin Luther and the Reformation from which sprang Protestantism. But if we did attempt to build a monument, it would be impossible to give it the proportions called for by the greatness of the man. Build your monument twice the hight of St. Peter's in Rome, that would be very high except for a Luther monument. Take all the pyramids of Egypt, pile one upon the other, and as we took our glass to see its top away above the clouds, we would admit it was very high, but for a Luther monument it would be too little—it would not come to the size of Luther—Luther reaches from earth to heaven, and no monument can do him justice, and when worn to earth's level by the pattering rain drops of time, Luther's name and fame will be green and honored for ages beyond.

If any one thinks Protestantism will be wiped out, and that its spread over the sea and earth will be checked, such an one might go to work and gather stones for a private Luther monument. As for the rest of mankind, Luther will not be forgotten by Protestant or Catholic as long as the world lasts.

We quote here the progress Luther's cause is making:

One hundred and twenty years ago Voltaire said that before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity should have passed from the earth. In the year 1800 there were 24,000,000 English speaking people of whom there were 14,000,000 Protestants and 5,000,000 Catholics. In 1881 there were 59 million Protestants and 13,500,000 Catholics among the same class. The population of the United States has increased eleven fold, the churches thirty-seven fold. In 1800 there was one church for every 1,700 inhabitants, now one church for every 539 inhabitants. Then Sunday schools were almost unknown; now the teachers and scholars in the Sunday schools number about fourteen millions. The ethical power is still more startlingly shown. In law, literature, education, government, manners and customs great progress is shown. There is no grander view than that which Chistianity gives to struggling mankind. Christianity is an everlasting truth.

Judge Orvis has resigned his position as President Judge of this district. The resignation was sent to Gov. Pattison on Thursday, 8.

The Governor will fill the vacancy by appointment. Mr. Adam Hoy, Esq., of Bellefonte, is the only one, so far, who has been recommended for the place.

For several days past a corps of engineers has been engaged in surveying a route through Huntingdon county, it is said, of the new Vanderbilt railroad. Thus far they have met with but little opposition from owners of the lands through which their line passes.

Whenever a young gent or lady thinks of showing off to real advantage, the first thing is to rush off to Powers & Son's for a neat and stylish boot or shoe. Don't you know the secret: About the first glance made is at the feet—a neat foot on a lady takes the eye, and a neat shoe, such as only Powers' have, will set off any foot. Now the ladies, they like to see a young gent with a handsome foot. Powers & Son knew this secret long ago, and keep just the boot or shoe required. When all is said, why the verdict of men and women is, that Powers & Son actually are ahead—as usual—for the largest and best stock of boots and shoes. There never was an article sold by this firm which did not leave the purchaser satisfied he had the full worth of his money, and at a lower price than the same goods could have been purchased for elsewhere.

Another new railroad is on the carpet by Philadelphia capitalists. Application was made at the state department for a charter for the Delaware Water Gap and Southwestern railroad to construct a line from a point in the township of Londonderry in Bedford county, to a point in Smithfield township, Monroe county, at or near Delaware Water Gap, a distance of 255 miles. The line will pass through the counties of Bedford, Blair, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Juniata, Snyder, Northumberland, Carbon and Monroe. The capitol stock is $9,400,000.

Lucy furnace situated in Orbisonia, Huntingdon county, will blow out in 3 weeks. The furnace is owned by John Whitehead, who has taken this step in consequence of the present reduction in the price of iron. The furnace gives employment to a large number of men, who are dependent on this as their only means of livelihood.

The Huntingdon car works were sold by the Sheriff for $46,000. The estimated value is $150,000. The labor claims amount to $25,000. $200,000 of the debts will remain unpaid.

Mahone might now try a dicker with the Polygamists for Brigam Young's shoes.

JUDGE HOY.

Gov. Pattison, to-day, 14, sent to the senate the name of Adam Hoy, esq., to be president judge for this district in place of Judge Orvis who resigned.

We congratulate our friend Hoy upon this appointment. He is worthy of the honor, and a gentleman of the highest integrity.

THE RAILROAD.

Messrs. Curtin and Blanchard Define Their Position.

Bellefonte, Nov. 12, 1883.

Dear Sir:—In your issue of November 7 you say, "It is told us by good authority that there was an article of agreement between the Pennsylvania and the B. E. V. railroad companies entered into about the time the stock was taken and collected from our people, said article stipulating that the Pennsvalley road should not be completed." In the article you further say, "Gov. Curtin, Ed. Blanchard, *et al*, is this true or false?"

I never heard of any such agreement nor can I believe it possible that such a transaction ever occurred. So far as I have any knowledge, the directors of the B. E. V. road resident in this county, and in fact I include those representing the stock not owned by the Penn'a R. R. Co., have from the beginning favored and urged a connection with the Pennsvalley road. For myself I know that I have been steadfast in that course.

The B. E. V. charter does not empower the company to extend to Lemont. The charter of the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek road allows that company to extend to the Bald Eagle creek. That company has not exercised the authority and a new corporation has been formed and a charter granted to a board of directors made up of officers of the Penn'a R. R. to build a road from Bellefonte to Lemont.

An independent charter has been granted to a corporation to build a road to Lemont and the road has been graded and ready for superstructure.

As a director and stockholder in the B. E. V. road, and without any interest in either of the roads to Lemont, proposed, I am ready and have proposed to extend the credit of the B. E. V. road to complete whichever of the routes may be selected by the Penn'a R. R., provided that company will finish the road from Spring Mills to Lemont.

That has seemed to me to be the interest of the B. E. V. road and of this place and surely in the interest of the Pennsvalley road. Better we should all treat this matter as our mutual interest and act together. If we do we will accomplish the wishes of the people of Pennsvalley and further unite in harmony the interests of the citizens of Centre county.

Yours truly,
A. G. CURTIN.

Hon. Fred'k Kurtz.

MR. BLANCHARD'S LETTER.

Bellefonte, Nov. 12, 1883.

Dear Sir:—I have read the above letter of Governor Curtin, and know the facts to be true as stated by him, and I am fully in accord with him in his position, and believe it is the only true course to pursue to ensure the completion of the railroad from Spring Mills to Bellefonte.

I have always worked honestly and energetically for some railroad connection, and am working now to attain that end. I believe the B. E. V. directors, residing in this county, are doing all in their power to secure the making of the railroad from Spring Mills to Lemont, and that their policy is the only one which will accomplish it.

Yours truly,
EDMUND BLANCHARD.

To Fred'k Kurtz.

—Dinges & Rearick, at the Pennsvalley Bargain store, keep up a full supply in the line of dry-goods and groceries. Packages of new goods received every few days, and all groceries strictly first class. They want butter, eggs and all kinds of produce, for which they allow the highest market prices.

—Fresh oysters No. 1 in quality, sweet potatoes, fine oranges and lemons, all the best dried and canned fruits, all kinds of cured meats at the boss grocery of Sechler & Co., in the Bush House block. They keep none but strictly first class goods—guaranteed such—and sell them lower than many other stores do stale and inferior groceries.

OUR ARISTOCRACY.

The Views Gov. Butler Holds in Regard to Them.

He Goes Back and Traces Their Genealogies—Equality of Power, Rights and All Lawful Prvileges His Platform.

Newton, Mass., Oct. 27.—Gov. Butler, in the course of his remarks here to a large audience, said: "I have had experience with both parties. I know them all. I know the men of both parties and I find I suit neither party. The extremists of neither party are pleased with me. The silver top of the democratic party cannot go me at all. (Laughter.) Fifty of them—ten more than took an oath among the Jews that they would sell Paul—have come out and said that they cannot go Butler. He is not democratic enough for them. (Great laughter.) Well, I don't think I am. I never professed any sort of kids gloved democracy in my life. (Applause.) It is bad enough to have kid gloved republicans, but kid gloved democracy is too too altogether. (Roars of laughter.) Well, now, on the other hand, under no circumstances will the kid gloved republicans—Charles Francis Adams, Theodore Lyman and other gentlemen—vote for me. No, and they are so good that they won't vote for Ames for lieutenant governor. Well, upon what grounds do these, our aristocrats, feed that they have grown so great? There is one thing I agree with Mr. George D. Robinson upon, and that is, there are no aristocrats in this country—not one. Aristocracy in its modern significance means men whose long line of noble ancestors give them a divine right to a place above their fellows. There are none such in this country. You can't go back three generations in any family without running into a grocery shop, a soap boilers shop, a shoemaker's shop, a blacksmith's shop or a fishmonger's wagon. (Great laughter.) Whenever you run back a few generations you just as sure strike that as you live. (Laughter.) Give me an instance of any one of your families that hold their heads so much higher than anybody else. (Applause.) Well, take the Adams family, who think I am not quite up to the mark. Who was the wife of John Adams, the first Adams? Nabby Smith, the shoemaker's daughter over here in the town of Braintree; and a very respectable shoemaker's daughter she was, and by far the best horse in the team (great laughter), as anybody who will read her letters will say. Mark, I am not saying a word of against the shoemakers daughter. I am only speaking about those people who claim they are so much better than than I am, because they are of better birth. But, no; let us get rid of that. I know their history—most of these people—and some of them I can run back into the poor house. (Tremendous laughter and applause.) I will give you the story of a true Boston aristocrat, a man whose ancestry ran a vessel to France, was there at the time of the French revolution, and there was a noble family who wanted to escape in his ship, and they brought all their jewels and effects and put them aboard the ship, and went back to get the children. And the story is that they were assassinated and never came back. At any rate, the ship sailed without them, and they brought all the valuables home here and set up an aristocratic family on Beacon street. (Laughter and applause.) Now, when anybody wants me to I can give name and date. Now one of the sons is holding his head up very high, and insists that there is nobody as good as he is, because he has got some money, but I know where he got it. (Tremendous applause.) I utterly detest and despise all that. If I could quarter my arms with those of George Washington and a noble family of England and Ireland, I should thank God that my blood had run through plough boys enough so that I have the strength and constitution which enables me at sixty-five to make two speech a day, and travel 150 miles. (Applause.) Otherwise, if I was of aristocratic birth, I should have the gout and rheumatism. (Great laughter.) Now, my friends, I think I have got my condition before you.

I hope that there are a great many republicans here, because you see there is nothing republican or Democratic in this contest. Some of the democrats repudiate me on the other, and a great many support me. It is the fight of the people for the control of their commonwealth; that's what it is. (Great applause.) Fair play! Give due weight to the mandate. I can state our platform in a few words—not so few as my opponents state theirs (laughter)—bnt our platform is: Equality of power, equality of rights, equality of all privileges under the law. That is our platform. (Applause.) I raised that banner in 1878 for myself. It is now the banner of the democrats, and by the blessing of God it shall be the banner of the democrats in 1884, under which we democrats will go into power with the proper leader, who will see to it that there is in this country what there never has been—equality of rights, equality of power, equality of burdens and equality of privileges under the law (a storm of applause), true democracy, true republicans, true American-

Presidential Preferences.

Moline, Ill., Oct. 25.—The Western Plowman, a largely circulated agricultural monthly published here, in its August number sent out a request to its subscribers asking every reader to send a postal card naming the person he desired to be the next president. The invitation has been generally accepted. Based on something over 30,000 preferences, the result is figured down as follows: Of the entire number of votes sent in James G. Blaine gets 22 per cent.; Chester A. Arthur, 14 per cent.; Benjamin F. Butler, 10 per cent.; Samuel J. Tilden, 9 per cent.; Robert T. Lincoln, 8 per cent., and John A. Logan, 5 per cent. The votes show that Blaine is popular in the east and Arthur and Lincoln in the west. Butler's votes are mainly from the south, Louisiana sending a strong representation. Tilden is evidently the favorite candidate in Kentucky. In percentage Wade Hampton pairs off with Senator John Sherman and Roscoe Conkling with Gen. Sherman.

Mr. W. H. Fleming, 631 N. 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for toning the system and for loss of appetite with good results.

Seal skin polos at Garmans. *

THE POSTAL UNION.

The United States Makes an Excellent Showing.

Washington, Nov. 3.—A comparison of postal statistics made by Superintendent Blackfan of the foreign mail service shows the relative rank of the principal postal union countries as follows: In number of post offices the United States ranks first, with 44,512 offices; Great Britain has 14,918; Germany, 11,088; France, 6,158; Japan, 5,094. In respect to the relative population and the number of post offices Switzerland ranks first, having one post office to 985 inhabitants; the United States, one to 1,126; Norway, one to 2,054; Great Britain, one to 2,362. In number of letters conveyed in the mails: Great Britain, 1,229,354,800; the United States, 1,046,107,349; Germany, 563,225,700; France, 533,541,373. In number of postal cards conveyed: The United States, 324,556,440; Germany, 153,992,200; Great Britain, 135,392,000; Austria, 38,931,800. In number of newspapers conveyed in domestic mails the United States is first with 852,180,792; Germany, 439,089,800; France, 320,188,636; Great Britain, 140,780,100; Italy, 99,509,179. In number of letters despatched in international mails Great Britain ranks first with 46,051,500; Germany, 42,195,260; France, 34,368,985; Austria, 25,233,500; and the United States fifth with 22,569,120. In respect to the length of interior land routes other than railway the United States first with 251,306 miles; Russia has 77,804 miles; Germany, 44,702 miles; Spain, 37,502 miles; and Japan, 35,666 miles. In respect to the length of railway routes the United States ranks first with 91,571 miles; Germany has 21,573 miles; France, 16,823 miles; Russia, 14,439 miles. In respect to the amount of gross postal revenue Germany ranks first with 205,324,215 francs; the United States with 194,630,444 francs; Great Britain, 175,690,000; France, 132,968,569; Russia, 59,253,864. The net postal revenues in 1881 were as follows: Great Britain, 68,523,100 francs; Germany, 29,407,305 francs; France, 19,900,440 francs; Spain, 10,071,100 francs. The United States, Russia and Japan show a deficiency.

A BOMBSHELL IN LONDON.

Excitement Over the Exposure of an Alleged Dynamite Plot.

London, Nov. 3.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left this city for India last night, and the issue of an "extra" of The Pall Mall Gazette containing the statement, in leaded columns, that the authorities had been anonymously informed that an attempt would be made to destroy by explosion the train on which they were to travel from London to Dover caused a great sensation throughout the city.

The chairman and general manager of the Southeastern railway issued special instructions to the employees of the road to be on the alert to prevent any attempt to interfere with the train, and devised elaborate precautionary measures for the safety of the duke and duchess. Large bodies of police had been summoned for duty at the Cannon street, Charing Cross and London bridge stations, and gangs of plate layers watched the entire railway track to Dover.

The government has offered a reward of £500, and the Metropolitan and District railway companies a reward of £500 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the underground railway outrages. The physicians in attendance upon the persons who were injured by the explosion at the Praed street station find that the tympanic membranes of the patients are ruptured, which fact can only be attributed to the effects of the detonation of dynamite. Major Majendie, of the board of trade, continues his inquiry into the cause of the explosions. It is evident that the explosive used was similar to that employed by Dr. Gallagher and his confederates in the attempt to blow up the local government board offices.

The telegraph brings glowing accounts from all parts of the world—Russia, England, Germany, etc., of Luther services on Saturday, his 400th birth day.

CLIMBING THE SPIRAL STAIRS.

Invisible Architecture in a New-England Parsonage.

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire much as we did before the little ones came to widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral stair case: we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up the stairs."

"That is a pleasant illustration," remarked her friend, amusingly, gazing into the glowing coals which radiated a pleasant heat from the many window stoves. "You know we cannot stop toiling up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity provided the advance in life is not attended with calamity or suffering for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health utterly broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered, and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even my house duties. Medical treatment failed to reach the seat of the trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute congestion of the stomach. The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to die. As the crisis had partially passed, my husband heard of the merits of PARKER'S TONIC as an invigorant in just such case as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. It appeared to pervade my body, as though the blessing of a new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and now I am in better health than I have been for a long time."

[Extract from interview with the wife of Rev. P. Perry, pastor of Baptist church, Coldbrook, Mass. nov4t

DROWNED IN BEER.

Concerning this Popular Beverage Two Men Express their Minds.

"The fact is sir, and you may stick a pin there, that the people of this country are likely to be drowned in a flood of lager beer," shouted an enthusiastic teetoteer the other day into the ear of your earnest correspondent. That German drink has struck us hard. It is a second deluge."

"Yes, and the worst of this beer-drinking business is that it gets up kidney troubles, as a heavy wind raises the waves," added a city physician, who had a knowledge of the times and a tendency to metaphor. "The midnight 'schooner' leaves behind it a wake of furred tongues, headaches, torpid livers, nausea, and all that, and lays the foundation of Bright's Disease."

This melancholy fact accounts in part for the increasing sales of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which at once mitigates these symptoms. Price 25 cents.

Ask your physician about it.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemist, N.Y. nov4t

Plaid dress goods at Garmans *

12c muslin for 9c at Garmans. 3

Ruin Wrought in the Forest.

How depressing it is to see acres of trees cut down in the midst of a noble forest. How saddening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous article stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, delicious in odor, and restores the original color to the gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight, occasional application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order. oct4t

Velvets and velvet ribbon at Garmans.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pa., there will be sold at public sale in the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1883,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of John Irvin deceased:

A valuable farm situated about three miles east of Boalsburg, containing 254 acres, 103 perches, and now occupied by Lot Kimport. The land is in a high state of cultivation, has a large frame house and a large barn erected thereon, delicious mountain water conveyed in pipes to the door, and a large orchard of choice fruit. About eighty acres next the mountain is covered with excellent white pine, chestnut and oak timber.

Terms.—Five percent of purchase money to be paid when the property is struck off, ⅓ of the balance on the confirmation of the sale, ⅓ in one year and ⅓ in two years thereafter, the two latter payments with interest, payable annually, and to be secured by judgement bond and mortgage upon the premises. JOHN I. THOMPSON, Jr.,
Lemont, Pa. 25oct3t Trustee.

SPRING MILLS PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A house and lot, near the station, at Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. The house is a two story frame; there are outbuildings and choice fruit on the lot, also a well and running water. For further particulars apply to
1nov4m HANNAH BULLOCH,
Milesburg, Pa.

CAUTION.—Having purchased at Sheriff's sale, Oct. 2s, 1883, the articles named below, as the property of Wm. Walburn, in Gregg twp., I will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and caution all persons against meddling with same, viz: One blind mare, bay horse, 2 sets harness, harrow, plow, log sled, 5 sheep, 2 cows, 2 pigs, cultivator, wheelbarrow, forks, rakes, box and axle of spring wagon, baskets, buckets, 2-horse wagon, fanning mill, cutting box, sacks, log chain, lot of hay, lot of 2nd crop, lot of wheat and rye, 10 acres of grain in ground, lot of grain in stack, lot of potatoes, grindstone, barrels, meat vessels, cook stove and pipe, parlor stove, kitchen furniture, corner-cupboard, carpets, clock, flour chest, 2 beds and bedding.
1nov3t JOHN GROVE.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain on file of record in the register's office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors, and all others in anywise interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, A. D., 1883, for allowance and confirmation:

1 First and final account of J K Rider, administrator of &c. of Mary Lemon, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.
2 Account of John T Clark, administrator of &c. of Margaret Nestlerode, late of Liberty twp., dec'd, as filed by Mary Clark, her administrator.
3 The first and final account of E M Shuey, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Joseph Shuey, late of College twp., dec'd.
4 Final account of James C Gulliland, administrator of &c. of Edwin W Hess, late of Harris twp., deceased.
5 Account of George Bright, adm'r of &c. of Margaret Bright, late of Haines twp., dec'd.
6 Account of JamesA Sweetwood, guardian of Sadie S. Campbell, one of the children of Margaret Scarlus.
7 The account of F H Van Valzah, administrator of &c. of Mary Ellen Krumrine, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.
8 The first and partial account of Michael S. Feidler, executor &c. of John Hess, late of Haines township, dec'd.
9 Account of J T Dunkle, sheriff, trustee to sell the real estate of Solomon Derr, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.
10 The account of Adam Krumrine, guardian of Annie S. Zerby, a minor child of Adam Zerby, late of Potter twp., dec'd.
11 Final account of James Coburn, executor of &c. of John Rupp, late of Haines twp, dec'd.
12 The second account of John B Linn, administrator of &c. of Eliza M Thomas, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.
13 Account of Jefferson Royer, guardian of George McElavey, et al, minor child of Elvina McElavey, deceased. JAMES A. McCLAIN,
Register.

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY.

FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG BARGAINS,

NEW DRUG STORE

AT SPRING MILLS, PA.,

Situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS.

Also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Spectacles a Specialty.

Being an apothecary of experience prescriptions will be accurately compounded.

C. E. AURAND, *Druggist,*
sep 27y *Spring Mills, Pa.*

THE OLD STORY.

[Mary F. Tucker in Chicago Herald.]

Alas for the head with the crown of gold!
The tempter came as he came of old.
Alas for the heart that was glad and light!
Alas for the soul that was pure and white!

Censure who may—condemn who must;
It was perfect faith—it was utter trust
That asked her promise; nor pledge nor sign,
He was hers—she was his by law divine.

He was lifted up; he was set apart;
He filled her thought; he filled her heart;
She called him great; she believed him true,
As women will, as women do.

Oh, to betray such tender trust!
(God will repay, and He is just)—
Through wrong and ill she loves him still,
As women do, as women will.

Giving little and taking much,
Fickle and false—there are many such—
Selfish and cruel!—you know the rest—
He broke the heart that loved him best.

Norvin Green and Jay Gould.

[Joe Howard in Boston Herald.]

A singular character is Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph company. I believe he is a native of Kentucky; at all events he came here from that part of the alleged west, bringing with him many of the typical habits of the old-time southerner. He is very tall and fine looking. His manner is deliberate. His walk exceedingly slow. I never saw him without a cigar; I never saw him with a fresh one. He generally has a tiny butt of a cigar in his mouth, and, as he strikes a match every other minute, I infer he rather enjoys the sulphurous-nicotine combination. He is a liberal patron of the man behind the bar, of theatres, of game keepers and of all the numerous army of caterers to mental and physical enjoyment. He has many friends outside of business, and is regarded as a sterling element in our cosmopolitan population.

By a singular coincidence, in less than 10 minutes after Green had passed, the chief stockholder of the Western Union Telegraph company made his appearance, attended by a very young gentleman, and followed, as usual, by a very tall and muscular attendant. Many people have an idea that Jay Gould wears horns, a cloven foot and forked tail; but he has neither the one or the other. He is a small, dark-haired, full dark-bearded man, hollow-chested, thin-armed and thin-legged. He dresses neatly, has no small vices, bears himself with extreme modesty, is a good listener, although a fluent talker, and, when not excited, utterly devoid of imperiousness. He was talking very earnestly with his young friend, who, in response, said something which made the little man laugh very heartily. I was interested to note as they passed along that no one in the group of twenty or thirty standing near me recognized the terror of the bulls and the bete noir of the bears.

The Steel Pen Trade.

[New York News.]

The steel pen in the many types in which it is manufactured—and there are more than 1,000 different numbers—is a signal instance of triumph of mechanical skill in combining and varying the qualities of this implement, involving extreme niceties of distinctions to an extent that few other industrial arts demand. Our entire annual trade in steel pens, domestic and imported, may be placed at $1,500,000, and is a steadily progressive one. The larger proportion of those sold are American pens. It is a matter of difficulty to ascertain the relative amounts disposed of in different sections of the country, pens being mainly distributed by large wholesale houses who make shipments from the east. The chief retailers of pens throughout the country are in the stationery, publishing, notions, dry goods, and hardware trades.

Our own manufacturers are reticient as to their annual production, but, taking the ascertained output of Birmingham, which supplies between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000 pens per week, with that of the few manufactories of France, the one in Germany and the one in Austria, there being none in the other European states, and the leading American establishments, in Meriden, Conn., Camden, N. J., and in Philadelphia, the weekly production for this country and Europe cannot be less than from 22,000,000 to 23,000,000 pens.

Lighting Up the Falls of the Rhine.

[Cor. Baltimore American.]

After table d'hote, which ends about half-past 9 o'clock at night, every one goes on the grand terrace or piazzas of the hotel to witness the illumination of the falls. After a few signal rockets, the old castle on the ledge above the falls is lighted up by colored lights. Then suddenly the falls are one blaze of many-colored lights. All down the cliffs, on either side, up and down the sides of the great island rock, in the very centre of the falls, red, green, blue, and pink lights flash forth. The electric wire has touched all simultaneously, and the water is one boiling, seething, spluttering, foaming mass of flames. The various lights shade into each other with the delicacy of a rainbow. The people at the hotel sit in silence, and while the illumination lasts only admire it. Then, as suddenly as it began, the lights go out and all is darkness. Only the roar of the waters is heard. I have seen Niagara illuminated, but this is grandeur, for here the whole falls are ablaze.

A Touch of Nature.

[Exchange.]

A boy met a youthful acquaintance in the street and exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you, Jack Busby, that I was agoin' to whip you when I caught you out?" "Go away, Bill, I don't want to fight." "Maybe you don't think I can whip you." "It don't make any difference whether you can whip me or not. I don't want to fight. My mother——" "Yes, your mother knows I can whale you." "My mother's dead. She died this morning." In a moment the braggart boy was transformed into a gentle child. "I didn't know it, Jack," he said, "and you musn't think hard of me. I ain't got nothin' agin you. I wouldn't hit you, and if another boy waster come up and hit you now, I'd knock him down. There, don't cry. What yer got in that bundle?" "A black dress." "Come on, and let me carry it for you."

"Oh, Leave Me, Leave Me, and Ask Me Not Why."

[Evansville Argus.]

They were lovers. He, tall and stately, with eyes which could blaze with the fire of manly courage or soften till they beamed with liquid lustre when touched by the torch of love.

She, a timid, trusting girl, with the face of a Peri, with a lithe and graceful figure that seemed but too frail to battle with the cares of life.

They had been walking together down a shady lane whose sides seemed a bower fit for such a queen as she, and while the wild roses made the air heavy with their intoxicating fragrance they had talked of love, love which was now their only dream of happiness.

At the rustic stile he had crossed, and holding his arms outstretched he had lifted her down, she springing like a frightened fawn, and then as he started on, she simply said, "Come, Amphridite."

No answer; no hand in his; no velvet step by his side, and in wonder he turned.

There she stood, close to the stile, and on her face, instead of the trusting look of love, was a look of wild terror.

"What! darling, what is this? Will you not come to the one who loves you?" cried Percy, a cold chill, as of some undefined horror, surging up in his heart.

"Oh, leave me! Leave me!" she cried, sinking down and clinging still more closely to the fence.

"Leave you, darling? Oh, no, I cannot. I will not. What means this sudden change? But a moment ago you loved me, and now you bid me go, and without one word of explanation."

"Oh, Percy, I cannot explain. Oh, leave me, and ask me not why," and sobs convulsed the fair young form.

"And am I thus to be driven from you; thus cast aside as the child casts aside a toy? Have you nothing to say in extenuation of this conduct?"

"Nothing. Oh, leave me. At some future—"

"No, false girl. Now or never!" and the dark eyes flashed with intense passion.

"Then go," was all she said.

Percy stood but a moment with his arms folded across the broad chest that heaved with passion. "I could not have thought it of one so guiltless. Oh, woman, woman, you have much to answer for," and then turning scornfully on his heel he strode away in the gathering twilight.

"Oh, if I could only have explained," moaned Amphridite, as the bitter tears flowed fast through her clenched fingers, "but I could not," and she fell with a dull thud, fainting to the earth.

You see, she struck the ground too hard when she jumped over the stile, and she split her Jersey from the armpit clear to the waist. And she didn't want Percy to see that she had on her week-day corset.

MORAL.—Always examine the seams in a ready-made Jersey before you put it on.

Bismarck's Beginning.

The Post, of Berlin, says that Bismarck's wonderful political career grew from a very trifling circumstance. It was in August of 1851 that he was interested with the legation at Frankfort. Prince Guillaume, then crown prince of Prussia, halted there, and took him among his escort when going from Frankfort to Mayence, where a grand review was to be held. Military etiquette is exceedingly strict in Germany. However, it was so hot in the royal car that every officer and the prince himself loosened their uniforms. On arriving at Mayence the distinguished party were to be met at the railroad station by troops under arms. The crown prince buttoned up again his uniform, but he forgot one button. Fortunately, as he was about to leave the car, Bismarck, always on the alert, saw the awful infringement of soldierly etiquette, and, rushing to Guillaume, "Oh! Prince," he said, "what were you going to do?" and forgetting that no one is allowed to touch a royal personage, he forced the refractory button into its proper place. The prince thanked the diplomatic young man who had been so rigorous, and whose name and features were now fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant fortune of the "Iron Chancellor." Why not? Did not poor, humble Jaques Lafitte, son of a carpenter, pick up a pin in the yard of Perregaux, the rich banker, and make out of it a fortune of more than $15,000,000?

Old Sweethearts.

[Exchange.]

An old man was arraigned before an Arkansas court for a trifling offence, and among the witnesses was an old woman who, in giving her testimony, made such efforts to shield the old man that the judge asked: "Madam, have you known this man very long?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "I have known him a very long time. When I was a young girl he used to visit me. In fact, judge, we were sweethearts," and she twisted her apron and looked down. "Ah, I see," the judge replied, "used to be sweethearts and think so much of each other now because you did not marry each other then?" "You are mistaken, judge, for we did marry each other then and are husband and wife now." "Indeed!" the judge exclaimed, "this is a remarkable case. Liberate the old fellow, Mr. Officer."

Danger in the Smoke.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The sanitary committee of the Philadelphia board of health has appropriated money for building a crematory in which to burn infected clothing. A physician writes to a newspaper of that city that if the retort can be so constructed as to allow the clothing to be burned without the escape of any smoke from such burning the object may be attained, but if any of the smoke from the infected clothing escapes, it will carry with it the germs of infection, and will be a most effectual method of spreading contagion. He says that an old house was burned down to get rid of small-pox contagion, and that a large number of cases of small-pox were developed in that part of the town over which the smoke was blown. In no other part of the town did the contagion spread.

Inter Ocean: If the peanut crop should fail it would burst "the greatest show on earth" wide open.

WHAT BROKERS DRINK.

Financiers Who Find Forty Whiskies a Day an Easy Load.

[New York Journal.]

One of our reporters has been interviewing saloon-keepers on the subject of what brokers drink. "How many drinks do brokers take in a day?" replied a well-known New street saloon man. "Let me see. Well, I should say they will average up fifteen apiece between 10 in the morning and 3 or half-past 3 in the afternoon."

"What do they most drink?"

"Straight whisky; almost entirely; generally a little seltzer with it. A drink called 'whisky daisy' was introduced down here a few years ago, and became quite popular. Somehow it fell out of sight; but this summer it was revived and has become very popular again. It is made something like a whisky-sour, with the addition of seltzer. But plain whisky is the landiest for brokers. When they do come out for a drink they only have a minute to spare, and few care to wait to have a fancy drink made up."

"Do they drink just the same whether business is good or bad?"

"Well, I think they drink more when they are not doing their best. The work and excitement, you see, is just the same in unprofitable times, sometimes more, and then there is the additional want of something to cheer the drooping spirit. Brokers are not drinkers in the sense of drunkards. You will, in fact, never see them under the influence, or very rarely. They require above all things a level head, and when they get down in the morning you will find them as clear as a whistle. I know several brokers who take during business hours in Wall street twenty and twenty-five drinks of whisky, and there are some who can and do drink as much as forty drinks, and are never what is commonly called 'full.'"

"What is the size of a broker's drink?" was asked.

"Well, that has a great deal to do with it; they take what I should call small drinks, not a finger deep—with the finger held sideways alongside the glass, mind you."

It is well known to all who are observers of Wall street men that it is seldom one is found under the influence of liquor. When the stock exchange closes there is a rush for home, and by half-past 3 few brokers can be found in the vicinity of Wall street. They are great home people and are much devoted to their families. They live in such a whirl that the quiet of the fireside is a great boon to them. They differ as much in their choice of brand in whisky as they do in their opinions on the workings of the market, and certain brokers go to this resort and none other because their peculiar flavor is there, and others to that for the same reason. One reason why brokers are given to the occasional stimulant is that they seldom find time to lunch, and the drink is made to answer.

English Opinion of the "Hub."

[London Telegraph.]

It is obvious that what Americans in modern times have learned to call, and sometimes to sneer at as "Boston culture," was based on the most rigorous puritanism; and it may be that a good deal of puritanical gall and wormwood entered into the concrete of their foundation of learning. The sages who, in the midst of a half-cleared wilderness, were so sternly resolved that their young men should "forthwith enter upon the study of Aristotle and Thucydides, of Horace and Tacitus, and the Hebrew bible," used their own intellectual gifts and their own scholastic attainments in a certainly eccentric and not altogether beneficent fashion. They were very earnest and very conscientious, but the Spanish inquisition was not fuller of intolerance and of the rage for persecution than were these exiles for conscience' sake. The rind of Boston culture was very harsh, but the fruit within, when it ripened—and it took a long time to ripen—proved very sweet and of a most excellent savor.

The Boston of the present day is as joyous a city as any other in the United States. Opera and drama, concerts and lectures, flourish there abundantly. Fine art is extensively and appreciatively patronized, and, as for science, an average Bostonian young lady possibly knows much more about organic remains, the old red sandstone, and vertebrates fossiled in blue lias than a dozen average English girls fresh from a finishing school. A great many more publishing firms, with their books, and magazines, and reviews, must migrate from a city full of agreeable places of meeting and refined society ere Boston ceases to be "the hub of the universe"—from the Bostonian point of view.

A Thirty-Three Years' Sleep.

[Chicago Times.]

In the very heart of the Adirondack wilderness is located what is known as "the deserted village." Fifty years ago 90,000 acres of land were purchased by a man named Henderson, and other capitalists, a St. Francis Indian having disclosed to the party that the region was rich in ore. A blast furnace, a forge, a saw mill, tenement houses, a store, a school-house and a bank were erected, and hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in cutting roads and other improvements. Operations were carried on twenty years. In 1849 Henderson was accidentally shot dead, and five years later business was suddenly suspended. The ponderous water-wheel and machinery are just where they stopped thirty-three years ago. Wheelbarrows and tools lie around as though operations had been discontinued only yesterday. The village is now the headquarters of a New York sporting club, and the greater part of the year Myron Buttles, agent of the club, and his family, are the only inhabitants of this once busy spot.

Ready to Swear Any Way.

[Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.]

A Chinaman had to give his evidence, and was asked how he would be sworn. His reply was: "Me no care; clack 'im saucer, kill 'im cock, blow out 'im matches, smell 'im book, all same." He was allowed to "smell 'im book."

French Writer: Do you complain that the roses have thorns? Let us rejoice that the thorns have roses.

A VANDERBILT'S CHURCH.

A House of Worship Right Underneath a Big Railroad Station.

[New York Letter in Inter Ocean.]

A Moody and Sankey hymn rousingly and melodiously sung stopped me alongside of the Grand Central depot. There was a noisy banging of baggage on the sidewalk, where a wagon was being unloaded of trunks with reckless celerity; street cars were rattling past; travelers were making a train-time hubbub; but the devotional vocalism made itself heard over all opposition. A brief investigation enabled me to locate it underground. Descending by a stone stairway, between one that led down to a barber shop and another to a restaurant, I was astonished to find myself in a church, right underneath the big railroad station. It was of a size to accommodate two or three hundred persons. A platform held a lecturn and a cabinet organ. The walls were neatly frescoed in an ecclesiastical style, and an inscription said: "Live in deeds not years." The floor was carpeted and the pews were quite ornamental in walnut. Altogether, it was a handsome place of worship, and the congregation was correspondingly good looking, though evidently containing a wide range of financial conditions.

It was about evenly divided as to sexes. Young fellows and girls in clothes that fell a little short of prime fashionableness, or if cut just right were made of cheap material, were in a decidedly sightly predominance. In a front seat was a row of contrastingly dressed persons, though their richness of apparel was all in quite good taste. In their midst was a bearded ordinary man of nearly 40, to judge by appearnaces. I recognized him as Cornelius Vanderbilt, the oldest son of William H. Vanderbilt. His presence was nothing unusual. The cellar church is his own.

Cornelius is a Presbyterian, with strong indications of devoutness. Religion is not plentiful in the Vanderbilt family, and he has nearly all there is of it. He believes that it is wicked to run trains on Sunday, but has made no progress in bringing his father to that way of thinking. Failing in his effort to Christianize travel on the Vanderbilt lines, he concluded that the next best thing to closing the Grand Central depot on the Sabbath was to open a church in it. William H. readily gave him space in the cellar, and this he fitted up in the manner described.

It was a prayer meeting that I went into. A girl of 14 kept the singing well together by her clever use of the organ, and I have seldom heard revival hymns more inspiringly rendered. Much less confident and telling were the efforts of a young minister, who made the only considerable address. He told us that he was from Kentucky, and all that was pertinent to the Vanderbilts in what he said was that Christ did not come to the rich and powerful, but to the poor and lowly.

He thanked God for that. Whether it was the boldness of such an utterance in a Vanderbilt's church, or whether merely ordinary fervor distracted his mind from temporal surroundings, it is certain that he lost sight of the platform's limits, and inadvertently stepped off the edge, nearly jerking his head from his shoulders by the sudden change of six inches in his level. The rest of the exercises were made up of brief and ordinary prayers and experiences. Young Vanderbilt took no part, except to join with his immediate party in hearty singing. But I was told that he frequently speaks, and once a week instructs a bible class. He has recruited the congregation chiefly from railroad employes and their families, and there is a transient element drawn from travelers who happen to be in the building waiting for trains.

The Richest Man in the World.

[Saratoga Cor. Texas Siftings.]

"But here! what is this?" There is a gentle flutter on the piazza, and an unusual craning of necks. A pair of fast horses dash up the steps. There must be something very big, indeed, here to even create a ripple in this distinguished crowd. I thought so—the richest man in the world. I see the coarse face of William H. Vanderbilt rising above the top step. He stalks on to the piazza, and, approaching a portly grey-haired gentleman, who is contemplating the street, says, rather cheerily:

"How dy'e do, Jim?"

"How do, Bill," growls the old gentleman, without turning his head or even moving a muscle.

Vanderbilt stalks on, and it looks very much as though he had been snubbed. He seats himself at the other end of the piazza—no one salutes him, as he rests his face heavily, and it strikes me, even savagely, on his hand. A lonely "cuss," it seems, in spite of all his millions. People, as a rule, I think, are afraid of millionaires; they are afraid of their airs, not their millions. They are something like dynamite, very powerful and very wonderful; but one feels they may blow up and hurt us.

The Roar of London.

[W. J. Stillman in The Century.]

As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone-paved streets (for which wood is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a gnat to the sounds of a summer day—a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowered in green trees, with cowslip and daisy-flecked fields spread out under my eyes—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale, run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a dingy fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone flashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again into the sullen monody. This is audible London.

THE POOR CONGRESSMAN.

How He Must Economize to Save Money While Living in Washington.

[Judge Ramsdell in Philadelphia Press.]

I ran across a congressman the other day, who was looking for quarters for himself and family for the coming session. He is a poor man, who is obliged to live on his salary, and who is, therefore, compelled to count the cost of everything and cut his cloth close. A congressman's salary is $5,000 a year and mileage, and an allowance of $100, I believe, for postage. I cannot mention the name of the one I allude to, but he has a wife and three children. His mileage amounts to about $200 or $300 a year; so his whole income is less than $5,500 a year. Out of this sum he must pay three or four or a half dozen country newspapers for printing tickets (a mere nominal service for a good deal of money); he must pay for banners, transparencies, flags, brass bands, handbills and I don't know how many other things, to say nothing of his own expenses in the campaign. Added to all this, ten chances to one he has to pay pretty dearly for his nomination—not, perhaps, in buying delegates, though that is often done, I am told, but in paying car fares, hotel bills, etc. So you see that when a congressman comes to Washington he does not have $5,000 a year to his credit.

My friend, as I have said, is a poor man, although he is one of the ablest men in the house. He never made a dollar improperly, and does not know how to be dishonest. He stands as high as any member of the house. Said he, "I don't know what to do. I have lived in every way. When I first came to Washington I went to a hotel, with my wife, leaving my children at home and at school. I kept up my house at home, and my expenses there were little less than if I had been there. My hotel expenses, including washing and the outrageous extras one always finds on his bills, were never less than $300 a month. My expenses at home were about half as much; so, you see, I could not stand that. The next winter I went to a boarding-house and left my family at home. Of course I had to have a parlor and bed-room I paid $100 a month at the boarding-house. But I did not live; it was simply a miserable existence. A boarding-house table may give good, well-cooked food, but you are obliged to meet and be polite to people whom you do not care for, whom you detest, in fact. Then I was deprived of my wife's company, which, strange as it may seem, I still appreciate. Well, that year, by close economy and many deprivations, I came out about even. The next year I hired rooms and had my meals sent in from a neighboring restaurant. But this life was very unsatisfactory. I had to take my breakfast at a certain hour, whether I wanted to or not, and my dinners were served at the same time every day, and they were nearly always cold when brought. But a member of congress cannot always be at his dinner at the exact minute. The house may sit late, or there may be a caucus or a committee meeting, or you may be detained by constituents, or a dozen things may happen to detain you. Well, last winter, as you know, I took a furnished house and brought my entire family here. I shut up my house at home, but, Great Cæsar! my expenses drove me wild, though I tried to live very quietly and cheaply. What I shall do this winter heaven only knows. I suppose I must go back to the boarding-house. A congressman's life is but a dog's life, after all."

Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

[W. A. Croffut in Pioneer Press.]

Amsterdam and Rotterdam look like no other cities in the world. They have hydrocephalus, like Venice—oceans of water everywhere. Amsterdam is built on eighty islands, connected by 300 bridges across the muddy ditches they call canals. The buildings mainly are of unpainted brick, with gable-ends to the streets, and they are erected, like those of Venice, on millions of piles driven into the mud. But this alluvial deposit is not so firm as the sandy sediment in the Adriatic lagoons, and so it happens that almost all of the houses here and in Rotterdam are out of plumb. You cross a bridge and instinctively hesitate to advance, for it seems as if the buildings ahead were about to tumble down and crush you. On both sides of the street they bend forward toward each other, so that their cornices are two or three feet nearer than their bases. You gather courage and proceed, and further on you see other houses bowing. Here is a tall, toppling chimney, and around it in a circle are various houses gravely saluting it. None of the buildings seem to fall down—at least I did not detect any in the act—but they rise and engage in their bricky salaams at almost every angle from the perpendicular, and in utter disregard of the feelings of wayfarers. Crazy little steamboats traverse the dirty little canals; great brick warehouses boldly bend over and look down into their turbid mirrors; merchantmen from Java stick their yards up through the branches of sycamore trees upon the banks; here and there ships climb up the ladder-locks; here and there windmills churn the air and pour the water out into the sea. This is a queer old town. But I should think the Hollanders would wash their canals.

Ireland's Reformatories.

[Chicago Times.]

Ireland has ten reformatory schools—five for girls, five for boys. There were at the close of last year 956 boys and 186 girls in reformatory schools. The yearly decrease since 1877 in the number of young female offenders in the schools is very remarkable, but opposite results have been obtained in the boys' schools, the inmates numbering more last year than ever before; 984 are Roman Catholics and 156 Protestants. There are sixty-one industrial schools, in which there are 2,418 boys, and 3,660 girls, being an increase of four boys and 174 girls.

Don't hope to squelch a courtship by abuse; When hearts are trumps clubs are of little —(Taunton Republican.

An English View of Our Familiarity of Speech.

[W. E. Adams' "American Cousins."]

Democratic institutions are probably responsible for the extraordinary familiarity with which the citizens of the republic treat one another. Nobody seems the least offended if, in print or in public, he is addressed as Tom, Dick or Harry. We have examples of this kind of popular treatment in our own country. But in America it is almost universal. Jim Blaine is as often heard as James G. Blaine—Bob Ingersoll and Ben Butler oftener than Col. Ingersoll and Gen. Butler. Not that any disrespect is necessarily implied or intended in the familiar mode of speech; for Wendell Phillips, in the stateliest and most eloquent of his discourses, speaks in endearing terms of the valiant services of Sam Adams. Was it not a proof of the affection of his fellow-citizens that President Lincoln was described on banners and devices as "Honest Old Abe?"

It is as customary in newspapers as it is in conversation to speak of Gen. Grant and President Arthur as simply Grant and Arthur. Equally common is a form of address peculiar to America—William H. Vanderbilt, Cyrus W. Field, Samuel J. Tilden, etc. I noticed, too, that intimates here and there, used only the first syllables of the names of their friends if they happen to have more than one—as Cope for Copeland, Pat for Patterson, Brew for Brewster, etc. Titles are abbreviated in much the same way. Thus captain becomes "cap," and doctor "doc." Sometimes nicknames are adopted by the nicknamed persons themselves. I was introduced to a gentleman of the press whom I knew by no other name than that of the German chancellor. And this gentleman was so little annoyed at the effacement of his own proper designation that he invariably referred to himself as Bismarck. "Familiarity," according to cynics, on the contrary, is more often the outward show and semblance of personal regard.

The Morgue of the Grand Central.

[New York Cor. Inter Ocean.]

The morgue of the Grand Central is the place in which, during the rush homeward of New Yorkers who have been spending the summer out of town, baggage not promptly claimed, is stored. It was nearly full of trunks, and the amount of wardrobe-finery enclosed could only be guessed at. My impression was led, however, to thinking of all those garments as shrouds.

Unpleasant idea. Well, the baggageman suggested it, and you can't expect a trunk handler to have seemly notions about trunks' contents.

"They say that every trunk that's kept over night here in the morgue goes away haunted," he remarked gloatingly.

"What makes them say that?" I asked.

"The corpses of the passengers killed in the disaster up at Spuyten Duyvil was fetched down here, and laid out in that storage-room. That's what give it the name of morgue. Some of the boys got scared of going in after that, 'specially in the dark; and a lot of stories was started about spooks. We had a helper—a drunken chap, that didn't know whether he saw a thing or dreamed it—and he swore to the toughest of the yarns. He says he went in to get a trunk. It was a whooper, and he braced himself for a big strain, but when he gripped it, it came up just as if there wasn't nothing in it more'n air, or gas. That unexpected kind of a lift is like kicking at nothing—it's straining, don't you know?"

"I should think so."

"Well, Joe felt as light-headed as the trunk, he says, but he brought it out. When he was putting it down, he was stunned to see a ghost sitting astraddle of it."

"What did the ghost look like?"

"Joe was so scared that he can't tell, except that it had grave clothes on. And it went out of sight as soon as he got into daylight—floated off, and at the same instant the trunk became as heavy as such a trunk generally is. Some of us believe Joe's story and some don't, and he's one of them that does. He throwed up his job rather than go into the morgue again. But there's folks that wouldn't have their trunks put in the morgue for all that's in them. I 'spose they're afraid of getting their trunks haunted, and bringing spooks into their houses that way."

Ocean Life.

[Cor. St Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Given a fine ship in faultless trim, a jolly captain, and weeks of smooth water and glorious scenery, what more could a mortal want for a memorable pleasant time, and it is worth taking this Alaska trip simply to learn the comfort and pleasure of sea travel. Life on shipboard in these still northern waters has shown us the very luxury of travel, and with all these perfect conditions I for the first time appreciate the fascination of seafaring life and feel the sailor's fond attachment for the good ship he sails in. This pretty ship Idaho is 180 feet long, and the main deck, upon which the saloon and state-rooms open offers a clear promenade of all that length. Above is a hurricane deck half the length of the ship, and in the clear space aft the life boats, smoke stack, and masts we spend unnumbered hours pacing the broad deck and watching the enchanted shores sweep by. The captain's bridge and pilot-house forward are the sanctums which no profane foot dare invade save by special grace, but in these calm waters and on such a prolonged voyage, the harsh discipline of a ship is sometimes relaxed and the flutter of female raiment enlivens the bridge and the chart-room when we reach the most famous bits of scenery. The two dining-saloons below are the places of popular resort, and something in this fresh sea air gives us three such phenomenal appetites in a day as are never known on shore.

Take Your Choice.

The Digger Indians say there will be a hard winter because of the large crop of manzanita berries, while in Nevada the Piutes assert that there will be light winter for the reason that the crop of pine nuts is light.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted,
And royally dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to his great gifts' height.

He must hold the man into rare completeness,
For gems are set only in gold refined;
He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness,
And cast out folly and pride from his mind.

For he who drinks from a god's gold chalice
Of art or music or rhythmic song,
Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice,
And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

For I think the wrath of an outraged heaven
Should fall on the chosen and dowered soul
That allows a lump of selfish leaven,
By slow fermenting, to spoil the whole.

Great gifts should be worn like a crown-befitting,
And not like gems on a beggar's hands;
And the toil must be constant and unremitting,
That lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

Soon Winter, from his northern cave,
With white hair streaming from the sky,
Will hoarsely through the forest rave
And let his icy arrows fly.

[JOHN M. MACDONALD.

A Few Points on Snuff.

[Detroit News.]

There are three grades of snuff—the fine, poor and medium. The fine snuff is made from the blade of the tobacco leaf, the ribs and stems being rejected and ground up into the poor grades. The medium grade is composed of the entire leaf, and is the quality of which the greatest amount is sold. Of all grades of snuff there are the moist and dry varieties. The dry snuff is heaped on earthen plates after it has been ground, and is exposed to a high degree of heat. The term "high toast" is used to denote the article which has been heated for a length of time. Moist snuff is made by moistening the snuff which has already been ground, with a solution of common salt and allowing it to ferment. The period of fermentation determines the strength and pungency of the snuff. After the fermentation salt is mixed with the snuff to prevent its becoming moldy, rose-water or other perfumes are added, and sometimes powdered orris root is used to increase the pungency of the article. Snuffs are often adulterated with chrome yellow, lime and carbonate of potash, all of which ingredients render the snuff unhealthful. Such adulterations can easily be detected with the microscope, which reveals the peculiar structure of the tobacco leaf as distinguished from that of adulterations.

"Much snuff used?" was casually asked to-day of a Woodward avenue dealer who sells several of the standard brands of snuff. Said brands, by the way, are nothing more than common snuff with famous names.

"Not as much as was sold a few years ago," he replied. "People still continue to use it for catarrh and similar ailments, but as a method of using tobacco, snuffing is falling into disrepute. In fact, it is worthy of note that the introduction and widespread use of cigarettes marked the beginning of the decline of snuff-taking. Nearly all my customers are old people who learned the practice in the old country, and who, while they detest it, are so habituated to it that they can not give up their snuff-box and their maccaboy. The young men who take snuff are nearly all Scotchmen and Polish laborers. These latter make their own snuff, and they often produce a very fine article, which they consume in large quantities. Every Polack of any means has a pestle and mortar in which he grinds his snuff, and as most of them raise and cure their own tobacco, the snuff is free from any adulteration. They flavor their snuffs with brandy.

Snuff-taking has been practiced ever since the introduction of tobacco into Europe, and its peculiar quality is said to have been discovered by accident. At first only fops used it, and to describe a fop without speaking of his snuff-box was considered a fatal omission. Thus Hotspur, speaking of a fop, says that between his fingers he held a "pouncet-box, which ever and anon he gave his nose." The custom of snuff-taking is evidently a continuation of the rage for odors and perfumes which was prevalent in by-gone days, and like it, snuff-taking is dying out.

Sacred Cattle.

[Prof. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Yet the sanctity of the holiest reptiles was exceeded by that of the sacred oxen or Brahma bulls. The ancient Egyptians contented themselves with worshiping one bull calf at a time; but in India all black cattle are sacred, and the hunchbacked kind of the species Bos Brahmanus so unspeakably holy that even their uncouth caprices are accepted as signs of divine favor. If a Brahma bull lies down on the sidewalk, the proprietor of the next house sends a servant to fan his distinguished guest, or sprinkle him with scented Ganges water. Hucksters must not drive him away from their stalls, but anticipate his desires by a voluntary offering of garden greens. If he invades the garden itself, the owner must try by persuasion first, and gentle force only as a last resort.

"Oh, my son, oppress not the poor!" Von Orlich heard a Hindoo farmer adjure a voracious bull, "Come, my child, I will feed thee with honey if thou wilt follow me." The bull continued to help himself. "Provoke not the weak," resumed the Hindoo. "Brahm is just; come, repent in time." The bull never budged, and the farmer at last summoned two companions. "Oh, my son," they began again, but at the same time two of them seized the bull's horns left and right, and thus trotted him out, chanting a passage from the Upanishads, while their assistant enforced the quotation by hammering a board with a sort of mallet.

If an unbeliever should lift his hand against a cow the meanest Hindoo would risk his life in her defense.

About thirty years ago the native soldiers ascertained that the pasteboard shells of their cartridges had been lubricated with beef tallow instead of wax, and that discovery led to the insurrection that cost the lives of 360,000 natives and 14,000 foreign soldiers!

Arkansaw Traveler:—De tear ob sorrow is as bright as de tear ob joy.

IN THE ARKANSAS WOODS.

Land of Children, Dogs, Tobacco, Corn Bread and Bacon.

[Kansas City Times.]

It is the natives themselves that more especially attract the stranger's attention. There's the head of the family, prodigiously tall and ungainly—quite interesting objects they are, too, with their thousand and one mental and physical peculiarities. The children also, always a dozen or fifteen of them, ragged, sorrowful-looking urchins, of all sizes and shapes. And the dogs—bless me, I came near forgetting to mention the dogs—great they are in numbers, and so thin and bony that it is little wonder the greater portion of their existence is spent lying before the old fireplace, never changing their position except when compelled to do so. A striking sense of willingness seems to overshadow the whole group, as they squat about the dingy room in all imaginable attitudes, each wrapped up in the narrow confines of his own little self and the quid of dogleaf tobacco.

Tobacco is their only solace—a home-made article it is, too; the meanest and vilest stuff to be found anywhere in the land. The men chew it, the women chew it, the children chew it, and even the dogs chew it. It's chew, chew, spit, spit, spit, squirt, squirt, from morning till night and from night till morning, and if you are not cautious enough to get off at a safe distance you will be compelled to dodge numberless missiles of amber-colored juice that are shot about in every conceivable direction irrespective of persons or things. Sometimes their jaws become weary after a long term of service in the art of mastication; chewing requires too much exercise for their indolent natures to withstand. Something must be done to relieve these overworked members of the human organism, and the characteristic pipe is at once brought forth from its hiding place in the chimney. And such pipes—great, black, filthy things, strong enough to wreck the constitution of a Fifth ward politician. A man who can stand before one of those pipes when it is in full blast is proof against anything. He would certainly need no life insurance.

The diet of these people is a remarkable thing in its way, not only in quality but also in quantity. Corn bread and bacon constitute the bill of fare, and in the meagre compass of its life-sustaining qualities it combines all—and the only—delicacies of the season, never out of season. It's corn bread and bacon for breakfast, corn bread and bacon for dinner, corn bread and bacon for supper; that is all the year round. To moralize upon the ingredients of that corn bread would be as hazardous as to attempt to solve the mysteries that cluster around that world famous dish, boarding-house hash. I know it is a horrible mixture of corn meal and water, but I am innocent of anything else it may contain—utterly devoid of salt, saleratus or soda. This is poured into a small, rusty iron pot, half buried in the ashes, where it bakes and dries until it becomes hard enough to knock a hole through a brick wall, provided the aforesaid wall isn't more than ten feet thick. While the baking process is going in the family squat about the fireplace in languid listlessness and fire random shots of tobacco juice at the fire.

The bacon, too, is an article worthy of comment, inasmuch as it imparts a sort of flavor to the corn bread, and thereby renders it the more palatable. You first discover it in huge slabs of fat, with little or no lean in the composition, and almost completely incrusted in the accumulated filth of weeks and months. One glance at it would make a health officer sick; but to eat it! oh, horrors! The corn bread, being baked to the proper extent, is placed upon a stump outside the door to cool, while the dogs form a circle about, lick their chops in silent hunger, and bestow wistful glances upon the, to them, delicious morsel. Slices of bacon are then placed in the great iron pot, where they sizzle and splutter until finally resolved into a number of little dried-up chips floating about upon a minature sea of slimy grease. This horrible mess—grease and all—in conjunction with the corn bread, is eagerly devoured by these rapacious natives, and on this meagre diet, strange to say, but nevertheless true, they manage some how to keep the sands of life in motion. Truly, one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives.

Lengthening Short Ladies.

The London World tells of a new contrivance for making ladies taller. The woman who is to undergo this process is encased in a very tight corset, and her feet are placed in shoes weighted with fifty pounds of lead each. She is then placed in a machine consisting of a ring, which encircles her waist, and is suspended from the ceiling at such a height as to prevent her feet from touching the ground. The pressure of the corset forces the upper part of her body upward, and the weight of her shoes stretches her from the waist downward. It is estimated that the extreme length to which the spine can be stretched by the process thus described is two inches, and that the knee and hip joints can be stretched a inch and a half more. Thus three inches and a half can be added to the height of almost any woman who has the courage to undergo the trouble and pain necessarily connected with a stretching process, lasting, with brief intervals, during five or six months.

No Theatre Programmes.

[Croffut's Letter.]

In European theatres, as far as my experience extended, no programmes are given away. If the auditor wants to know something of the play and the cast, he can buy a programme of the ushers—price in London, three-pence (six of our cents), and about the same elsewhere. [Mem.—I will hie me to London and start a daily paper, to be called The Theatre Programme, and I will print in each issue all the programmes for that evening; sell it, and I will sell that sheet for tuppence and get rich! Happy thought. I will remember it.]

Rule for church-fair oyster suppers—Twice one is stew.

GATHERING THE NUT HARVEST.

An Autumn Industry Among the Farmers of the Alleghanies.

[Port Jervis, N. J., Cor. New York Tribune.]

An industry of considerable importance among the farmers of this part of the country at this season is that of nut-gathering. Here are chestnuts, hickory nuts, black walnuts, hazlenuts and butternuts; and they have commercial value respectively in the order named.

In about two weeks more chestnuts will begin to come into the markets. The first installment will consist of but a few quarts. They will probably come from the farm of Widow Cuddeback, near here, and will probably bring 25 or 30 cents a quart. The price for early chestnuts varies from $5 to $8 per bushel—depending somewhat on their quality as well as upon the prospects of a large or small crop. At present there is a great uncertainty as to what this crop will amount to. The burrs were plentiful and were filling nicely until checked by the drouth and the protracted cold, but the nut does not seem to be filling well now. And so the chances are that the crop will not be a very large nor good one; in which case the price per bushel is not likely to fall much below $4. When these nuts are plentiful the price sometimes falls to $2 and very rarely to $1.50 per bushel.

There is a popular belief that the chestnut burrs do not burst until touched by a sharp frost. This error is so easily dissipated by a little observation that one is surprised to hear farmers calculating upon an early harvest of nuts following an early frost. The burrs crack only upon maturing There have already been several heavy frosts hereabouts, but the nut, not yet being ripened, has not fallen to the ground, and it will be nearly two weeks ere any will be brought into the markets.

Hickory nuts will be very plentiful this year. They have been scarce for some years, and the prices have ranged from $2 to $3 per bushel. The first nuts this year will bring probably $2 a a bushel in the local markets, and after that they will rapidly decline in price, so that it is not unlikely that they can be purchased for 50 cents a bushel by the middle of November. These nuts will come into market about October 1.

Black walnuts are also comparatively plentiful this year, although becoming more scarce every year. The producer rarely gets over 75 cents a bushel for these nuts, and the average price is from 20 to 50 cents, although they are occasionally a drug in the market at 10 cents.

Butternuts are not as plentiful as in former years, but as they possess only a trifling mercantile value, no account is made of their scarcity. They rarely bring over 10 or 15 cents a bushel, but they possess a pleasant taste, and are to be found in the larder of every well-regulated farm house for winter use.

The hazlenut (Corylus Americana) is plentiful this year. This nut is but a trifle smaller than the European filbert (Corylus Avellana), is nearly as delicious, but possesses a tougher shell. It has no standard commercial value, though it sometimes brings 50 cents and even $1 a bushel among those who desire the nuts for winter use.

In Sullivan and Delaware counties beechnuts are occasionally plentiful. They are shaped like buckwheat kernels, and are very sweet-flavored. While having no commercial value, they are highly prized by the inhabitants, many of whom gather and eat them during the winter. When these nuts are abundant gray squirrels and pigeons are usually plentiful, and that proves to be the case this year in reference to squirrels, which hunters are bagging by the hundred.

How the Chinese Regard Foreigners.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The following translation of a Chinese handbill, copies of which, if the Abbe Carreau may be trusted, have recently been distributed broadcast among the inhabitants of the north of Yunnan, affords a striking illustration of the animosity with which the "foreign devils" are regarded by the Chinese:

"The Europeans do not belong to the human race; they are the descendants of apes and geese; their appearance resembles that of apes; their heart that of the devil; for this reason they are called 'koui-tse' (European devils). This race of savages worships neither heaven nor earth, does not honor its parents, has no reverence for its ancestors. Besides this, among them the sanctity of family ties is unknown. A veritable herd of dogs and pigs, their talk is only of equality; they have no idea of social hierarchy, and know no distinction between father and son, king and subject. These famous English particularly, what are they? A small tribe confined in a corner of the sea, on an island not larger than a hand. Their sovereign may be male or female; half of their subjects are men, half animals. You say, 'but if this race is so savage, how is it that they can manufacture steamers, railways, watches—none of which we, the sons of the Celestial Empire, are able to make?' You are simpletons! Do you not know that these Europeans, who come into our country under the pretext of preaching religion, in reality only come to snatch away the eyes and the brains of the dying, to extract blood from children? and with these eyes, these brains, and this blood they make medicinal pills, which they sell in their country, and so acquire ability to do all these things. Only those who have eaten of our Chinese substance have their eyes opened sufficiently to make the discoveries of which they are so vain. But remember what our holy book says: 'The proud enemy shall without fail be conquered.' Their greatest confidence is in their steamboats. With these boats they have many a time offended the spirit of the sea. Let me have my way and I swear I will exterminate them to the last, and none shall return home."

Why the Fashion Prevailed.

[Boston Budget.]

The fashion of clipped hair prevailed for a short time during the reign of Francis I, whose long hair was accidentally burned off during a sham fight, reducing him to a condition to which his courtiers promptly brought themselves by artificial means.

Sailors' Superstitions Concerning Finlanders.

[London Daily Telegraph.]

Indeed marine superstitions should not be hard to kill, for they are not very numerous. A large number have been fathered on sailors by land writers, but they want the true ring, the salt flavor is lacking, and it is easy to perceive that their narrators never were afloat. The really nautical superstition is unmistakable. It is born of the sea-faring life and the spirit of it speaks as surely of blue water and the association together for months at a time of briny minds in dim and resonant interiors as the lurching, rolling gait, the toughened hands swinging athwartships, tell of the ocean sailor, the sea jockey used to such hurdle races as the Pacific in storm offers, or to such mad galloping as the roaring and revolving storm forces upon him.

There is the old superstition about Finns, for instance. The Finlander makes a very good, quiet, respectable sailor, but both English and American seamen agreed, for some reason not easily determinable, to look upon him as a sort of magician, and to fear him and treat him respectfully for that reason. Many stories used to be related of him. He is usually depicted as a yellow-haired man in a sealskin cap, full of predictions, and always right in his prophesying. In some ships, when there was a Finn aboard, it was customary to nail a horseshoe to the foremast to neutralize any prediction he might utter that was likely to be injurious to the ship or crew. He was occasionally credited with the power of getting drunk as often as he liked throughout the longest voyage on a single quart of rum, the contents of the bottle never diminishing, no matter how often he put it to his lips, and he has been known to stand the bottle on the table before him and talk to it. Finland ships, too, are always thought to obtain a fair wind whenever they chose, and, with studding sails aloft and alow, overhaul and pass vessels beating in the same direction against a gale.

Dana tells a story of a captain who threatened to confine a Finn in the forepeak if he did not make a fair wind for the ship. The wind remaining dead ahead convinced everybody that the Finn refused to give in, whereupon he was bundled into the forepeak and left there without food. The Finn held out for a while, but unable to stand the imprisonment any longer ordered the wind to shift, which it did, and the yellow-haired magician was liberated. How such a superstition as this arose it is impossible to say, but it is easy to see that it belongs to the ocean and must have had its origin in the forecastle. It is as salt in its way as the notion of Sunday entertained by a ship's carpenter who considered that he fulfilled all the Sabbath obligations laid upon him by combing his hair and mounting a pair of green spectacles, and declaring that he would not give a chew of tobacco for the chances of a man who considered that the maintop sail looked white on that day.

The Grave of Journalism.

[Kinahan Cornwallis in Manhattan.]

Journalism is truly the bottomless well which swallows up the literary genius and talent of America — the "mute inglorious Miltons" who pass from the cradle to the grave of their newspaper career under the impenetrable veil of the anonymous, a screen that allows no scope for the gratification of a laudable ambition. It is only where the anonymous system does not exist, as, for instance, in France, where every writer appends his own name, or his nom de plume, to his articles, that journalism offers a fair field to literary men who are not content to forever hide their light under a bushel—to be, in a certain sense, buried alive instead of being acknowledged leaders of thought and action. It is no exaggeration to say that more men of genius are buried alive on the press in this country than in any other in the world.

A mere salaried writer on the staff of a leading American newspaper is practically not permitted to shine, even as a glow-worm. He has, in fact, no more opportunity to become known, or to do anything inconsistent with diligence with his tread-mill work behind the scenes than he has of amassing "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" out of his commonly scanty salary.

A Missing Link.

[Exchange.]

A primary school teacher in one of our New England cities, met with a strange experience. Having taken pride in imparting to her pupils much information not found in their spellers and readers, she thought she would show this to the visitors on examination day, and framed a set of questions, such as "Who made you?" "What are you made of?" etc., and so drilled the scholars in the answers that each child knew the question coming to him and its answer.

The room was full of visitors who had heard of the teacher's new method. She called up the class and gave the first question, "Johnnie, who made you?"

No answer. Johnnie was dumb as a fish.

"Who made you?" the teacher repeated, in a tone intended to reassure the frightened child. But he only stared.

"Why, don't you know who made you, Johnnie?" asked the puzzled teacher, for the third time.

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Johnnie, 'I am the little boy what is made of flesh and blood; and—and—the little boy God made has got the mumps."

A Great Aqueduct.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

Among the notable American works about to be undertaken is the construction of a new aqueduct running from a vast reservoir to supply New York city with water. This aqueduct will be thirty miles long, and although the first estimate is $14,500,000, it will probably cost $25,000,000. When completed New York will have a water supply of 360,000,000 gallons per diem. Even should there be a year of drought there will be never less than 250,000,000 gallons a day, an amount sufficient for a population of 5,000,000 persons.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: The horse population of the United States is now over 11,000,000, or about one horse to every five humans.

Madison Square, New York.

[Joe Howard in Boston Herald.]

Pause here for a moment and take in, be it day or night, a panorama of contemporaneous human interest, of physical beauty, of scientific development, of natural grandeur and of æsthetic beauty unequaled in this city.

Why, what is there? In the first place, as you stand, you see immediately fronting you a square of tremendous proportions, Madison square, lighted to-day by the sun's magnificence, breathing a gentle and exhilarating warmth, shaded so as to be entirely delightful. In this square are hundreds of trees, many of them old, stately and magnificent, and fountains playing and sparkling in the sunlight. Its gravel walks are tempting to the old and young alike, its grass is green and wholesome, even its grotesque statuary is symbolical of the wealth and liberality and æsthetic advance of the people of this city. Prettily-dressed children gambol here and romp there, and even the one degraded blot, the presence of innumerable tramps, is suggestive of what they might have been, rather than offensively obtrusive, as they are. Beautiful as this is by day, at night it jumps from the plane of material grandeur to the upper heights of fairyland. Hundreds of feet above the topmost tree, burning with magnificent brilliancy, a score of electric lights illuminate this square, throwing dark shadows on the ground, imparting to the leaves through which they shine a weird and ghostly semblance.

The Rat-Catcher's Trade.

[Philadelphia Times']

"I've killed mor'n a million rats with ferrets in my day, an' if my ferrets don't die I hope to kill a million more. Why I once killed 100 rats, on a bet, with my naked hands inside of twenty minutes. It's all in knowin' how. Pierre Lorillard lately offered me $5 a day to go to Jobstown and clear the rats out of his stables, but I couldn't go on account of the disease among my ferrets. I couldn't afford it at that price, either. I killed 350 rats in the Continental hotel in one night, and I'm sure I can do as much in many another big house if I'm allowed. What do I do with 'em after I've caught 'em? Well, what I don't kill I can sell for ratting matches, and you bet there's always a good demand for 'em."

When Donkeys May Speak.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A French savant asserts that the time may come when donkeys and other inferior animals may talk without any miraculous power being exercised to make them do so. This can be done, he says, by careful breeding, selection, and an education continued through several generations. Breeding heretofore has been directed toward certain physical characteristics, such as fleetness in a horse, milk in the cow, and a fine and juicy meat in the cattle. Breeders find it possible to create a certain physical type of pigeon, cow, or sheep—that is, they can sketch out on paper what they want and then realize it by selections among the herd.

According to this French scientist, animals even now communicate by sound. Certain birds, such as the parrot and the mocking-bird, can be taught to speak, because the structure of throat and mouth resembles those of the human being. A good many curious speculations have been indulged in respecting the man of the future, but what if the ass, the cow and the sheep of the future should be gifted with articulate speech, and what seemed an incredible biblical legend become an every-day fact?

Statemen's Stimulants.

[Washington Critic.]

M. J. O'Connell, the bartender at the National hotel, has the reputation of being one of the best in the business. His strong forte is mixed drinks. In 1864 Gov. Downing of California was here for some time He got in the habit of going to the bar where Mike was to get his drinks. He became infatuated with Mike, and took him home with him and secured him a position in the bar of the Grand hotel in San Francisco, where he remained for a number of years.

The reporter asked: "What seems to be the favorite drink nowadays?"

"That depends on the section of country that the customers come from, as a rule. Now, a New England man likes rum, the eastern man likes whisky, while the southern and western men are heavy on mixed drinks. Men differ, however, in their tastes. There was old Senator Bogy: I could always tell what he wanted, and when he came in I would set it out without asking a question—gin and sugar was his drink. Senator Ferry never came in the bar, but he was a great drinker of sherry in his room. Davis, of West Virginia generally took straight whisky; he was not much of a drinker, though Judge Davis never came in the bar, but had sherry and whisky sent to his room. Maxey, of Texas, never takes anything stronger than a lemonade. Coke takes sugar and whisky. Bayard takes the same. Pendleton is very fond of a whisky punch. Jones, of Florida, never mixes anything with his. He drinks whisky, and takes it out of a water glass, having an aversion to small glasses. Jonas and Vest, as a rule, take it with a little sugar. Eaton, of Connecticut, was pretty regular. He sometimes took whisky, but most generally wine. He seldom came in with anyone. He would drink a small bottle of Mumm's extra dry, pay for it, and walk out. There was old Senator Dave Armstrong, of Missouri. He always took whisky and lemon, forty drops. Lapham, of New York, would start in on whisky, but there was no telling what he would wind up on. John B. Clark, of Missour, generally took it straight. So did Van Horne. Proctor Knott never mixed it and always wanted 'Old Bourbon.' Page, of California, and George, of Oregon, as a rule, took straight whisky. The great objector, Mr. Holman, used sugar and water. Alexander Stephens never came into the bar-room, though he was a regular drinker. He carried a little eight-ounce vial of the very best whisky in his pocket. Gen. Phil Cook, of Georgia, is one of the most jovial congressmen that comes in here. He takes a little sugar in his whiskey."

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORROW.

[Philip Bourke Marlson.]

The fires are burned out, the lamps are low,
The guests are gone, the cups are drained and dry.
Here, then, was somewhat once of revelry;
But now no more at all the fires shall glow,
Nor song be heard, nor laughter, nor wine flow.
Chill is the air; gray gleams the wintry sky;
Through listless boughs drear winds begin to sigh.
'Tis time, my heart, for us to rise and go
Up the steep stair, till that dark room we gain
Where sleep awaits us, brooding by that bed
On which who lies forgets all joy and pain,
Nor weeps in dreams for some sweet thing long fled.
'Tis cold and lonely now; set wide the door;
Good-morrow, heart, and rest thee evermore.

AT A SWEDISH FARMHOUSE.

Farming in Dalecarlia—Everything of the Most Primitive Kind.

[F. D. Millet in Harper's Magazine.]

Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door-jamb or is stuck in the shingles of a low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the court-yard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow, and repeat the operation. Then the girls dip their feet in the bath, and dry them on the embroidered towels hanging in the sun, and finally the men and boys likewise finish their dinner toilet in the same water.

The meal is a simple one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, and perhaps some dry or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink is handed round in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they sit around the room and sing a hymn together before they return to the fields. Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground floor are chairs made of hollow tree-trunks, tables of rough-hewn planks turn up on folding legs against the side of the room, and there are bunks in the wall, with curiously carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well-worn chopping block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling-wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets, and poles draped with great bunches of folded rye bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper.

To lighten up the dull-toned interior the farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw-filled bunks, and spread a richly colored piece of soft home-woven wool over the painted chest where the bibles and hymn books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home-made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long low window, where the green-toned glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer mug, the old hand-mangles, and the saddle-bows are carved in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation. Among the few pieces of coarse crockery is found perhaps a quaint silver cup, and sticking in the same rack with the clumsy wooden ladles is a battered but serviceable silver spoon which has fed a half-dozen generations. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far-off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.

"Statiary Is Riz."

[Manhattan Magazine.]

It is a pity that wealth and education cannot be simultaneously acquired. A miner, who, by a lucky find, became suddenly the possessor of a fortune, took it into his head to go to Europe, and after many adventures found himself in Florence. During his travels he caught the malady for collecting works of art, and visited the studios of renowned artists, in search of marvels to be sent home. Among others he visited the studio of Powers, the sculptor, and glancing over various statues, his eye alighted upon the Greek slave.

"What may you call that air boy?" he asked.

"The Greek Slave," replied the sculptor.

"And what may be the true price of it?" was the next question.

"Three thousand dollars," said Powers, gazing at the old specimen of humanity before him.

"Three thousand dollars!" he exclaimed; "you don't say so, now? Why, I thought to buy something of you, but that's a notch above me. Why, statiary is riz, ain't it?"

Powers, in telling the story, used to give an amusing imitation of the miner's drawl.

Varieties of Starch.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

The starch of every plant differs from its neighbors both in size and shape, and this has a considerable influence on the character of the vegetable organ in which it is stored up; the hardness of rice, for instance, being due to the fact that the rice-granules are extremely minute, with angular corners which fit closely and firmly together; whereas potato starch is large and round, with considerable interspaces filled with water, and so forms a comparatively soft mass. But, notwithstanding their outward points of difference, in chemical composition the starches are all identical, consisting of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—exactly the same materials as sugar is composed of.

Boston Herald: Herr Krupp has made altogether more than 20,000 pieces of ordnance, of which a majority, of course, are of small calibres.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 14, 1883.

According to the new baggage rule of the Pennsylvania railroad, now in force, no piece of baggage weighing over 250 pounds is received for transportation. The rule requiring a charge for the weight of all baggage in excess of 150 pounds for each passenger, remains in effect as before.

Strength to vigorously push a business, strength to study for a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. Do you desire strength? If you are broken down have no energy, feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and be restored to robust health and strength by taking Brown's Iron Bitters, a sure cure for dyspepsia, malaria, weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It acts on the blood, nerves and muscles and regulates every part of the system.

A Clergyman's Too Zealous Sermon.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 2.—The trial of the suit of Frank E. Bronson against the Rev. James Brant for $30,000 damages, was commenced in the court of common pleas. Mr. Bronson, who was some time since the proprietor of a drug store in the village of Oberlin, where, on account of the numerous colleges located in the place, the sale of intoxicating liquors was strictly prohibited, was several times accused of selling whisky contrary to the wishes of the community, thereby incurring their ill will, which finally culminated in the failing and destruction of his store. The present suit grows out of a sermon preached by the defendant February 24th, 1882, and which was afterwards published in The Oberlin News, of which the following is a brief report: "Ghastly deeds of the past shall stretch out their skinny hands and haunt thee; good men shall breathe freer at thy death; thy monument shall be a testimony that a plague is stayed, and as thy guilty spirit is borne on the blast towards the gates of hell, the hideous shrieks of those whom thou has ruined shall pursue thee." Bronson claims he only only sold liquors as medicine, and that on account of the sermon his character and business had been irretrievably ruined, therefore he prays for damages.

A Peculiar Case.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 2.—The physicians in this city are studying the case of a girl of thirteen years, whose legs below the knees are so sensitive they cannot be touched between daybreak and midnight, but at midnight they become so insensible to feeling that the strongest current of electricity has no effect on them. She walks and runs about at play in the daytime, but if she strikes any object she is thrown into paroxysms of agony. While the lower part of her limbs are in this condition her legs, from the knees up, are completely dead. The disease came one year ago. She is strong and healthy, except for cataleptic convulsions. Prominent physicians of other cities have examined the case, but fail to effect a cure.

PSALMS.

[REVISED.]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye invalids of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all people and put sickness and suffering under foot.

3. Be thou not afraid when your family is sick or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and Rheumatic complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For my life have I been plagued with sickness and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keepeth his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum. erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will remove them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick from female complaints, who desireth health and useth Hop Bitters and is made well.

11. Let us not neglect to use Hop Bitters bringing on serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who was nearly dead and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and becometh well.

15. Cease from worrying about nervousness, general debility, and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

Smith's German Olio is a profitable investment, because the man that buys it saves doctors' bills.

Curtain loops at Garmans.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 7 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

BEN BUTTERWORTH.

General Satisfaction Felt Over His Recent Appointment.

His Great Popularity Among Politicians and Statesmen of all Parties. Some of his Past Achievements —Brief Sketch of His Life.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The appointment and confirmation of Hon. Benjamin Butterworth to the commissionership of patents is received with more general satisfaction than any nomination that President Arthur has lately made. Butterworth is not only unusually popular with all members of congress irrespective of party, and other officials with whom he has come in contact, but is personally much liked among the leading families here in the city, and the prospect of his continued residence in Washington is cordially welcomed.

It is an open secret that President Arthur desired and intended to make Mr. Butterworth postmaster general after the death of Mr. Howe; but Indiana had a good man for the place as well as strong claims for recognition, and Mr. Gresham was selected. The office of commissioner of patents is, however, one which should by right rank as high as the postmaster generalship, though it is not of a nature to bring it so much under public notice. There are nearly five hundred employes under the commissioner, and the pay roll foots up to nearly $600,000 per annum. It has furthermore attached to it very grave responsibilities that require both sound judgment and the strictest integrity, and one reason of the general satisfaction over Butterworth's appointment lies in the well known fact that he possesses these qualities to an exceptional degree. His good, clear common sense is proverbial, and his honor has never been questioned even by his strongest political opponents.

Mr. Butterworth is of Quaker parentage, John Linton, who was conspicuous among those who came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, being his ancestor on his mother's side. Butterworth's father came to Ohio from Virginia in 1841, and, until Ben was eighteen years of age, he lived on the farm, with such advantages of education as farmers' children usually had in those days. He studied law in Cincinnati with Durbin Ward and William M. Ramsey, remaining with them two years and graduating at the Cincinnati Law school. His public life began in 1869, when he was appointed assistant United States district attorney under Warner M. Bateman. In 1871 he was nominated for the state senate in a strong democratic district, and by his great personal popularity nearly overcame his opponent's majority. In 1873 he was nominated for the state senate by the republicans and elected by eighty-six votes. At the expiration of his term he moved to Hamilton county, and in 1879 was nominated for congress by acclamation by the republican convention of the first Ohio district, and, after a long and heated contest, elected. He was renominated by acclamation in 1880 and re-elected, and again in 1882 was renominated, but, owing to the liquor question split among the republicans, was defeated in common with all the rest of the ticket. In March last Mr. Butterworth was appointed by Attorney General Brewster to assist in the trial of the election cases in South Carolina, and during the summer was selected by the president as one of the inspectors of the Northern Pacific railroad.

KILLED BY CHOKE DAMP.

Two Men Sacrifice their Lives to Save a Comrade.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 31.—Kiefert Stiefelt's tannery, in the upper part of Allegheny City, was the scene of a terrible affair, two men sacrificing their lives in an unsuccessful attempt to save that of a fellow workman. The firm have been digging a well to be used as a vat, and C. Dickson, an employee, went down to measure the depth of the water, when he was overcome by foul air. Ferdinand Schrader and Charles Schultz, who were working near by, heard his cries, and Schrader descended into the well to assist him, but no sooner reached bottom than the fatal choke-damp rendered him insensible. Schultz then followed, but he was overcome. Ropes were then procured and fastened around the bodies. Solomon Bamberger and Rhinehart Remsen were lowered into the death trap. With difficulty, they tied the insensible men to ropes, and all were hauled up. Dickson, Schrader and Schultz were dead, and Bamberger and Remsen were unconscious, but with restoratives were revived and able to go home. Dickson was a single man, and the other two were married.

A Clever Forger Outwitted.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 2.—A clever case of forgery was frustrated at the First national bank. A man claiming to be an employe of Messrs. Dupee and Manchester obtained a check book from the bank officials and presented a check for $320, payable to J. Bourden. The bank officers having been previously notified to look out for a raised check or forgery, had an officer in readiness, who after a chase of some minutes caught his man. He gave his name as James Raymond, of New London. He bought a $15 lamp of the above firm on Tuesday, giving the name of J. Russell, giving $25 in payment, and asking for a check for the balance, which was sent to him with the lamp. As the forgery is well executed, the man is probably a professional in that line.

Gold Discovered in Ohio.

BATAVIA, O., Nov. 1.—On Monday a returned California miner, in passing over the farm of Robert Woods, near Afton, some four miles from here, discovered traces of gold. Upon a careful search he found the gold washed along the gulch to be eighteen or twenty karots fine. Great excitement exists and the "diggings" were visited by hundreds of excited people from the surrounding country and towns. Several were from Cincinnati. The find is about three miles from the mines that were successfully worked by Captain Glass in 1860. A company is now being organized to prospect and work the golden territory and drive off intruders.

England's Interests in Peril.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—A Paris despatch to the Exchange Telegraph company says that a war between France and China would so seriously imperil British interests that it is feared that England would intervene in the event of the outbreak of hostilities. France will not provoke a rupture with China, but negotiations between the two governments will not be renewed until the French are firmly seated in Tonquin.

Failures During the Week.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The business failures throughout the United States and Canada in the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., of The Mercantile Agency, numbered 215, as compared with 218 last week and 243 the week before. The number of failures in Canada continues to be unusually large as also in the western states. In the southern, middle and New England states there is a marked decrease noted.

V. S. C. L.

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Remnants of laces and trimmings from 1 to 3 yards at 10 cents each. Job lot of buttons at 10c per dozen. Gents hose 5c per pair. Ladies hose in stripes and solid colors at 9c, 3 pairs for 25 cents. Gent's underwear 24, 30 to 50 cts. and upwards. Ladie's skirts from 47c up. Imitation of India shawls at $1.40, can't be told from one costing $3,000. A good traveling satchel $1. Pocket handkerchie's from 4c. Bed spreads at 98 cents. Horse blankets at 98c. Prints 5 cents per yard. Plum black, garnet and brown dress goods at 8c per yard. Goods in other departments equally as cheap. Some special bargains in glass and queensware. Goblets 4c per dozen; pretty glass sets 38c. Groceries—just weights and fresh goods—at the very lowest prices. Granulated sugar 10c per pound. Valencia raisins and fine Turkey prunes, 3 pounds for 25 cents. New buck-wheat flour at 98 cents in 1/6 sacks.

We have all goods we advertise. Highest price paid for produce.

VALENTINES' STORE CO., LIM.,
General Merchants, Bellefonte, Pa.

Highest Price paid for Produce.

VALENTINES' STORE CO., Limited
General Merchants, Bellefonte, Pa.

Highest Price paid for Produce.

A good handkerchief for 6 cts. at Garmans. 3

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, A NEW BOOK. Agents Wanted. Write for Terms. CHARLES L. WEBSTER. 658 Broadway, N. Y.

USE KREIDER'S EXTRA-PURE NEW-FAMILY KILN-DRIED CORN-MEAL For Sale by GROCERY AND PROVISION DEALERS. IT'S QUALITY CAN NOT BE EXCELLED. TRY IT TO PROVE THAT.

Circular to the trade, mailed free on application by postal card. Address, JOHN G. KREIDER, Milton Grove, Pa. 7nov3m

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. John H. Orvis, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 6th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. A. Smith and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1st day of Sep., 1883, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Nov. next, being the 26th day of Nov. 1883, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Nov., in the year of our Lord 1883, and the one hudred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

D. & R.

DINGES & REARICK, CENTRE HALL.

Penns Valley Bargain Store.

Our line of Zephyrs and yarns is very full and complete.

An assortment of fine ladies' Jersey waists are selling fast—see them before they are all.

Our line of men's, ladies, misses and children's hose is unsurpassed—a big bargain in misses all wool, at 25c.

Examine our line of ladie's and gent's underwear.

We have 24 dozen of one kind of gent's white, all wool, shirts and drawers that we offer at 60 cents. See them and you will buy.

We only mention these few things from our complete stock.

1Oct3m DINGES & REARICK.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25 worth 2 00 to 3 00.
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes.....1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes.....1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes...1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes.....75c elsewhere $1 50
" " " " " " .....90c " 1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe.....1 00 " 1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe.....90c " 1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes.....75c " 1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties.....50c " 1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes.....90c " 1 60
" four button Walking Shoes.....90c " 1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " " .....1 00 " 1 50
Ladies Newport Ties.....75c " 1 25
Patent Leather Tip.....90c " 1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers.....15c " 50
" " Button Shoes.....45c " 85
" Basket " " .....45c " 90
" Lace Shoes.....30c " 50
" Button Shoe.....40 & 45c " 60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button.....40c " 65
" Spring Heel.....40c " 65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price.....2 00 now 75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers.....65c elsewhere 1 25
Ladies Leather slippers.....50c " 75
Misses' button shoes.....75 & 85c " 1 25
Ladies " " .....1 00 & 1 25 " 1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed.....1 25 " 2 00
" fine lace shoes.....90c " 1 50
Misses fine button shoes.....1 00 " 1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes.....1 00 " 1 50
Ladies fine button shoes.....75c " 1 50
Men's plain lace shoes.....1 00 " 1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants.....75c elsewhere 1 50
" black Pants.....75c " 1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants.....1 25 " 2 00
" " " " " .....2 00 " 4 00
" black all wool Diagonal.....2 00 " 4 00
" " " " " .....3 00 " 4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants.....3 50 " 6 00
" ⅔ wool pants gray mixed.....00
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us.....5 for 1 50 to 2 00

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL.

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.

We Are Overstocked.

10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.
A few black Diagonal suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 13 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit.....1 50 elsewhere 3 00
A very fine blue " " .....2 00 " 4 50
A very fine blue " " .....3 50 " 6 00
Children's Suits, good quality.....1 75 " 2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years.....2 00 " 4 50
Boys' suits, " " all wool.....3 00 " 5 00
Boys' suits, " " " " .....3 50 " 5 50

DRESS GOODS, SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting.....8c elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids.....5, 10, 12 elsewhere 12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half.....75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Satteens.....10c elsewhere 20
Another lot Brocaded Satteens.....12½c elsewhere 20
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet.....12½ old price 35

One Lot of Embroideries, about 5,000 Yards, at One-Half Price.

The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices.

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose.....6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon...25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose.....4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

June 28 LYON & CO.

WHITMER & CO.,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Pay teh highest market prices for all kind of Grain and Seeds.

WILLKESBARRE COAL--

Of all kinds, for sale,--at lowest prices.

CAR LOAD

of GROUND ALUM and DIARY SALT--in Barrels and Bags just received.

We are Manufacturers Agents for FURNITURE--CARPETS, STOVES,--Imperial and Wiard Plows.

TWO COMPLETE STOCKS OF GOODS, always lively and up to the times.

CALL AND SEE US.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw ud and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgabonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

Estray.—A horse with saddle and bridle, came to the premises of the undersigned, several weeks ago. The horse is a bay about 6 years old, right hind foot white. Owner is requested to come for his property and pay cost.

23aug3m JAS. R. WOLF, Rebersburg.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
may1

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

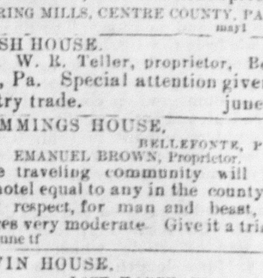
CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
28june tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

DR. G. W. KLINE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Potters Mills, Pa.
All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has had several years successful practice. 11jun6m

WM. A. SANDOE,
MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.
Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under D. W. A. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn's, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.
He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. mar29y

SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!



The Great German Remedy
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared and sold at Wholesale by the
GERMAN OLIO COMPANY,
(LIMITED,)
32 Willow Street, Williamsport, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE AGENCY:
Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch St.
Smith, Kline & Co., 309 and 311 North 3rd street.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my2 78

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

CENTRE HALL
Carriage Shops.
J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS
SLEIGHS
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Prices low and all work turned out first-class.
COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

WANTED.—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country and earn $5 to $12 per week, making goods for our fall and winter trade. Send 15c for sample and particulars. HUDSON MFG CO. 26oct3m 257 Sixth Ave., New York

The BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent free to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA. DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER. ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS. For LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

R. E. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Send 10c. extra & we will mail you, free, a $1 Watch. Write at once. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Dyer's Mozart College

A Business Education is the most profitable, because it is the most useful. Our aim is to practically train young men for the actual requirements of this commercial age. Individual instruction. No vacation. Students can enter at any time. For circulars, address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25

THE CELEBRATED **BARNUM CHEESE SAFES.** (Patented.)

RETAIL GROCERS, ATTENTION! BUY NONE I HAVE NONE! USE NONE! BUT **The celebrated BARNUM SAFES.** For sale generally by the wholesale woodenware and grocery dealers. If your jobber cannot supply you, send your orders direct to us.

The E. T. Barnum Wire & Iron Works, DETROIT, MICH.

A BAD GOVERNOR.

The St. Louis Grand Jury Present a Breezy Report.

They Find Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, has been in League with Gamblers and Criminals—Abuse of the Pardoning Power.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 3.—The grand jury, after returning a number of indictments, made their report. They excoriate Gov. Crittenden, and in referring to the wholesale pardoning of the gamblers by him they say:

"Pardons have been granted by the executive to persons convicted of felonies in the criminal court of this city. Pardons have been granted to many persons convicted of felonies, not upon doubtful or untruthful testimony, or by partial or prejudiced juries, but upon their self confession, after advising with counsel of the highest ability. These self confessed felons had, for many years prior to their conviction for the offenses of which they were pardoned, openly and defiantly violated the law. Though often convicted during that time of misdemeanors, no substantial punishment was ever inflicted upon them. Their persistence in flagrant violations of the law and the demoralizing and debasing results of these violations caused the legislature to make felonies of these offenses, which had heretofore been misdemeanors. Under the new law they continue in the same open and defiant course, and when brought to justice and forced to admit their guilt they were unconditionally pardoned by the governor in the most unseeming haste, without any consultation on his part with the officers of the state, through whose efforts their conviction had been secured. Such action of the governer is inconsistent with the principles which should regulate the granting of pardons, and tends to bring into disrepute the administration of justice. We therefore recommend an amendment to the constitution which shall withdraw from the governor the power to grant reprieves, commutations, and pardons for offenses against the common laws of the state, and vesting the power in a board of pardons."

The grand jury returned indictments against Henry W. Moore, managing editor, and Florence D. White, reporter of The Post Dispatch, under the statue concerning the abstraction of court records. It was White who stole the stenographer's notes of the testimony taken before the grand jury, which, when published in The Post Dispatch, revealed the existence of a gambling ring. Other indictments were also found. Joseph H. McEntire, Edward Butler and Police Commissioners Cauth and Lutz being indicted for conspiracy in having threatened to oust the chief of police if he did not follow their instructions concerning the raiding of houses of prostitution and gambling dens. Henry A. Newman, the commissioner of labor statistics in this state, is indicted for brokerage in office in connection with the sale of his notaryship. Hugh Brady, a member of the legislature, is indicted for bribery in connection with his securing a job for John Gunn on a patrol wagon. Warren F. McChesney is indicted for his attempt to secure money from the Saloon Keepers' association in connection with Judge Noonan's decision. Mr. Pickard, who kept a tea store on Fifth street, where prizes were given, is indicted under the gambling law. All these are felonies, and the indictments will not be made public until the arrests are made.

OUR LITTLE ARMY.

General Sherman's Plan for its Reorganization and Improvement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Gen. Sherman takes with him to his retirement the good wishes of the American people. An old army officer says that the plan of reorganization of the army, which Gen. Sherman leaves as a legacy to Gen. Sheridan, is the best plan which Gen. Sherman has ever suggested, and that it certainly ought to receive the attentive consideration of congress. Under it, without the addition of a single officer to the lists, as Gen. Sherman puts it, "by the mere scratch of a pen and the magic wand of money," the skeleton could be extended to "the respectable force of 96,000 men." It is not known whether Gen. Sheridan approves of this plan or not, but congress is not likely to enter upon any system of army reorganization in the winter before a presidential election. Gen. Sherman, to a friend who asked him if he felt as if he had been treated like an old horse turned out to die, said: "No, no. I feel as vigorous as I ever did. There are a great many years of good work in me, I hope, but it is all right just as it is. That is the way I wanted it to be. I am very glad to turn the command over to Sheridan."

Gen. Grant Consents to Speak.

CINCINNATTI, O., Oct. 30.—The Commercial Gazette prints the following correspondence:

CHICAGO, Oct. 24, 1883.

DEAR GEN. HICKENLOOPER: On Friday morning, at Cleveland, I received from Gen. Grant the following dispatch:

NEW YORK, Oct. 19, 1883.

Gen. William E. Strong, Army of the Tennessee, Cleveland:

Please thank the society for the compliment of selecting me as orator for next reunion, but excuse me. I should be unhappy for a whole year if I knew that such an ordeal awaited me at the next reunion. I regret exceedingly not being with you on this occasion, but hope to be with you next year.

U. S. GRANT.

After consulting with Gens. Sherman, Logan and Leggett, it was thought best I should write to Gen. Grant upon my return to Chicago, urging him to reconsider the matter, which I did on Saturday last. Yesterday I teceived the following dispatch:

NEW YORK, Oct. 23, 1883.

Gen. William F. Strong, Chicago:

Your letter received. Under all the circumstances I feel compelled to accept the responsibility put upon me by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

U. S. GRANT.

This settles the matter, and Gen, Grant will be the orator at our next reunion. Yours truly WILLIAM E. STRONG.

Gen. A. Hickenlooper, Cincinnatti, Ohio.

The Fasting Horse Thief.

EASTON, Pa., Nov. 2.—Peter C. Smull, the fasting prisoner confined in the Belvidere N. J., jail has not as yet shown any desire to discontinue the attempt to beat the record of Dr. Tanner. He says he is troubled with shooting pains in his head, eyes and stomach, and when he moves about in his cell he does so in a half stooped fashion. His pulse is seldom alike on two consecutive days. He regards himself as a curiosity and is pleased to have many visitors, especially ladies.

Caught in a Shaft.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 3.—Ellen Logan, while working in Theron Blanchard's stitching room, caught her hair in a revolving shaft, and the scalp was lifted from the skull from near the forehead to the base of the head. She also received a severe cut on the head. It is thought she will recover.

The Clothing Business of the Period.

The demand is for a great stock, for novel styles, for finer workmanship, for better finish. The day has passed in which mere goodness will do in a clothing stock. It must unite goodness with bigness, variety with style, and top all with economy. If Oak Hall did not do *all* this in the strongest and best way we could not claim your business. We *do* offer you the biggest, best, and cheapest retail clothing stock in the United States, and we simply want to tell you that it will not pay you to go elsewhere for your winter outfit. If you do not propose to visit Philadelphia, send for our new catalogue.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

Oak Hall,

South-East Corner Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,

Jun22tf Centre Hall

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JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

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REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS, SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

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JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new buildin

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by EISNER & MENDELSON, 320 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"PURITAS."

The celebrated vegetable Blood Purifier. It immediately cures Headache, Constipation, Purifies the Skin. Mailed anywhere upon receipt of 25 cents. Unsurpassed for Children.

EISNER & MENDELSON, 320 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always havedone: treat you fair and honest and give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,

In New Addition to Bush's Arcade

BELLEFONTE, PA

P. S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

☞Cash paid for all kinds of hides

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SECHLERS! SECHLERS! SECHLERS

— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Such as

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, MEATS, NUTS, OYSTERS, FINE CANDIES. *FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,*

Together with

GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

SPRING MILLS Plaining Mill.

☞The place to buy your best and cheapest Building Material is of

Jas. S. Kape & Co., Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of FLOORING, GERMAN, & SPLIT SIDING, SURFACE BOARDS, WINDOW SASHES, SHUTTERS, BLINDS &c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

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DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufacturers---

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,

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Mens Fine Shoes

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, Pa.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

And thou hast come at last,
Thou baleful issue of the buried years—
Sad fruitage of the past—
Root-nurtured in a loam of hopes and fears!
I hail thee, but I hate thee, lurking there,
Thou first gray hair.

Of all the fleecy flock,
Thou art the one to loathe and to despise;
The cheat within the shock,
The mou'd that on the early harvest lies,
The mildew on the blossoms of the pear—
The first gray hair.

And thou the Judas art,
The tatter of old Time, who doth betray
The weary, worn-out heart
Ere yet we dare to dream of its decay;
Thou art a hint of wreck beyond repair,
The first gray hair.

A Matutinal Episode.

As the sun lifted his big red face up over the lake a lurid gleam from his lusty eye fell directly across the sleeping face of Mistress Bessie McIntosh, aged 22, a bride of a year, resident of Lake View. Opening her eyes in a wild and startled manner she sat up and looked around her. Her face, framed by the ruffle of delicate lace which encircled the tiny cap, expressed wonder, doubt, distress, and finally, confidence.

"Are you there, Fred? Oh, yes. It's all right; I know now. Oh, I have had such a dream! And I woke with the sun shining right in my face. I dreamed I was married to Cousin Chawly, and he bought me such a lovely white satin dress. Isn't that an awfully bad sign? What can be going to happen? And he came home d-dr-drunk one night, and the next morning he had on a golden armor, and the visor was studded with diamonds, and—oh, how it did blaze, and how magnificent he did look! And I turned to admire him and tell him how much I l-loved him, when I saw lying at his feet a pair of bracelets, each with a dozen bangles, and each bangle a great, immense diamond. 'Why, those are for you, Bessie,' he said, and, as I stopped to pick them up, each diamond seemed a glittering serpent, which was reaching up to embrace me. Then I woke, so frightened. I am going to get right up and dress, for I never, never can sleep again after such a dream."

So Mistress Bessie proceeded to put her words into execution. Two dainty white feet, which Cinderella's slippers might have encompassed, faced themselves upon the soft rug. A pretty white hand threw back the snowy convriette, and Undine emerged from the sea. Her toilet having been arranged to her entire satisfaction, though it must be said no great pains had been taken with it, she sat down in an armchair much too large for her, and, in a drowsy, yawning way, began to repent of her hasty conclusion to forego her accustomed morning nap.

"Oh, dear," she yawned, "how awfully early it is. I don't believe there is a soul astir in the house. But that horrid dream. Don't you know, Fred, that dreams of white wedding robes and jewels are always followed by the death of one of those to be married or of some one near? And what if Cousin Chawly should die? He has had such bad luck always. Everything seems to go against him," and she tied and untied the kerchief around her neck as she talked. A long silence. "I think I hear Judith in the kitchen. Perhaps you had better rise, Fred. We can have an early breakfast if we wish, and then a ride through the park before you go into the city. But if anything is happening to Cousin Chawly perhaps we had better forego such pleasure," she added in a tearful voice. As there was no response from the bed she concluded the occupant had fallen asleep. Going to the window she parted the curtains and gave the shade an upward push, which sent it to the top with a whack, much to her astonishment, and thereby letting in a flood of radiant sunshine. She looked very lovely as she stood there, her slender figure enveloped in the sunny glow. Her red-brown hair had been coiled on the very top of her head, and the bangs had been deftly parted and brushed back at the sides—the whole lending a classic grace to the small, well poised head. She was not thinking of her personal appearance as she stood there, nor of the fine sunrise at which she seemed to be gazing.

"Oh, if he should find out," she thought, "it would spoil all. Only a few more days and there would be no secrets between us." So, stepping upon a chair and stretching her arm to its greatest possible length, she grasped the cord and drew the shade gently down, and, closing the curtains, she softly left the room. Left thus alone "to sleep, perchance to dream," Mr. Frederic McIntosh turned him upon his uneasy pillow and sought repose. With a slam of the blind he shut out the amorous sunbeams that had lain so lovingly upon Bessie's face, as if to lighten and brighten her troubled sleep. Cousin Charles had been a rejected suitor of Bessie's, so he had believed, upon the basis of consanguinity; yet he was not positive of this. He had gone off to Dakota to grow up with the country, they said. Twice in one week Bessie had dreamed of him and had been unusually excited each time Bosh! What nonsense. Yet it was rather queer they had never heard from him. Come to think about it, Bessie had met some people from Dakota at Waukesha. Could it be she had heard from him, was corresponding with him, and was keeping the guilty secret? He remembered now that one evening he came home unexpectedly and found her in her dressing-room writing, and she had hastily hidden the sheet at his approach and thought he had not noticed. Phew! What's in a dream! Never was one yet worth the sacrifice of a nap after sunrise. And thus he tried to throw the subject from his mind or to account for it all in a reasonable and legitimate manner. But all to no purpose. The imp of darkness was dancing jigs in the chambers of his brain. Sleep had forsaken the portals of that quiet room, which was now haunted by an ogre from dreamland. So after vain efforts to court the arowsy god, he determined to arise and dress.

Now, Mr. M. was nothing if not dainty. Tempering the water to the proper warmth by adding from a japanned pitcher which stood near on a chair small quantities of hot water, and frequently testing the same by a gentle stir with the forefinger, he at last obtained the desired Fahrenheit and proceeded to perform his morning ablutions. The effect seemed to be salutary, for he began to whistle; then with a touch of his foot he gave a hassock a send-off which landed it in close proximity to a waste-paper basket, which in turn laid itself over on its side and spread out its contents on the carpet. Finally rolling the towel in a ball he sent it spinning in the direction of a small plaque on the wall which was ornamented by a "symphony in black and white," known as Cousin Chawles, and done by Bessie's own hand. This fortunately missed fire, but a tiny vase containing one or two red blossoms, which had been left upon a small writing table directly under the picture, received the full force of the discharge, and fell in fragments upon the carpet. Stooping to remove the effect of his bad marksmanship his eye caught the upturned basket, and what does he find there? Numerous bits of torn and crumpled paper, which revealed the address, Mr. Charles Barron; an envelope containing a part of the address, as the writer had not been pleased with her hand, and had tried again. Then a letter head commencing, "Dear Cousin Charley." Searching carefully through the basket he found no other trace of Bessie's guilt, and folding these up in a small package he put them safely in his pocket. He finished his toilet carefully and sat down by the window to think it all out. He was quickly interrupted by a rustle of starched muslins and the quick patter of slippered feet, and Bessie came into the room in a state of wild excitement.

"Oh, Fred, there is a messenger at the door. A messenger. I saw him coming. It must be from Chawly. My dream, my dream," and down went the tearful face into the depths of a pillow.

"If it is a messenger of death from him let us admit him with open arms," said Fred.

"Oh, how awfully cruel you are. Chawly would never be so cruel to you. I think you really wish he was dead," and her tears were quickly dried in the sudden heat of passion. She looked at him with amazement. Then he took the small package containing the proof of her perfidy, and, rising up in his indignation, stood confronting her:

"These small bits of paper tell all I want to know of you. It seems that though cousins may not marry, there is no reason why they may not keep up clandestine correspondence, dream of each other, and perhaps exchange visits."

"A telegram," said Judith, through the half-open door. Bessie sprang for for it, and, tearing open the envelope, read aloud:

HURON, D. T., Aug. —, 1883.—I was married this 12 m. Congrats will be received.
CHARLES BARRON.

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Bessie; and she danced all over the room and laughed and cried alternately.

"How that horrid dream did frighten me. It's safely over at last, but I wonder why they hastened the day. But you don't know anything about it Fred, and now I must tell you the jolliest secret. You know I met some ladies at Waukesha who had been to Dakota—Mrs. Kimball and her two daughters. Well, I found they were acquainted with Chawly, and it came out that Chawly and Miss Lois were engaged, and we had such a nice time about it. Well, as they were to be married on our anniversary, I thought I would keep it for one of the surprises on that day. But it was awful hard to keep. Now that you know it, you must help me write the letter of congratulation. I have been trying, but nothing I can think of pleases me. What's the matter, Fred, you look so queer?"

"That's the bell. Let us go down to breakfast," was all the conscience-stricken man could say.

Flying Hotel Flags.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"I see you have the Belgian flag floating from the staff on the Market street end of the hotel," remarked a reporter to Manager Sedgwick at the Palace Saturday.

"Yes, sir; that is in honor of a distinguished guest, his excellency the Belgian minister, who is visiting this city and occupies apartments here."

"And the stars and stripes are flying from the after-staff on the new Montgomery street front."

"That's Gen. Sherman's flag—that is, it's for him."

"You must keep a large quantity of flags on hand," observed the reporter, "for I have noticed that when you have a titled guest from abroad you hoist his national colors."

"Yes, we have quite a number of flags, and when we have not the proper one we generally find but little trouble in borrowing one from the consulate representing the country from which the guest may hail."

"Do guests ever furnish you with flags?"

"No one ever has yet."

"You had the flag of the Grand Master of the Knights Templar up last week; was not that an importation?"

"No, sir; I had that made for the occasion; it is of bunting and cost $85. I am having it laundried, and intend presenting it to Past Grand Commander Dean."

The reporter further learned that the custom of flying a flag from the hotel standard has a two-fold significance—it is intended as a mark of respect to the particular guest, and, moreover, is a fluttering notice to the public that an important personage from the country designated by the flag is domiciled at the hotel.

Why They Hatched Out.

[San Francisco Bulletin.]

A capital anecdote is told of a little fellow who, in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look at me, slowly remarked, 'They come out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

The Wonderful Timepiece Which Was Twelve Years in Building.

The Cincinnati Times-Star thus describes a remarkable clock which is now on exhibition in that city: The mechanism is inclosed in a walnut case twelve feet high and five feet wide, and weighs 2,300 pounds. The general design of its numerous figures is to exemplify some of the leading events and characters of American history. It was made by Prof. Wegman at his home, in Frostburg, Md., in his leisure moments, he having been engaged on it for over twelve years.

The base of the clock is about four feet high. At the top is an astronomical dial two feet in diameter, with figures of the planets, etc., showing the movements of the sun and earth, the former circling the dial once each year, and the latter revolving on its axis once every twenty-four hours. The moon's phases, the season, and other familiar astronomical subjects are represented. A large flag is carved in the case on each side of the dial, and above them are, at the right a cannon and at the left a drum, also carved in bas relief. Below the dials is a scroll bearing the inscription, "E Pluribus Unum," beneath which are two crossed swords and a soldier's cap.

Immediately above the base of the clock is a stage or platform extending the full width of the case. On the extreme ends of the platform are small forts, one surmounted by the figure of a sailor and the other by the figure of a soldier. Between these forts at the back of the platform and resting against a central upright case are ten figures of men, representing ten different nationalities, five being upon one side and five upon the other side of an alcove, in which the pendulum swings. Every five minutes one of these figures plays a tune on a music-box.

The central upright case is two and one-half feet high and four feet wide. At the top of it is a representation of the Bunker hill monument with an eagle perched upon it with outstretched wings. The eagle grasps in its right claw an olive branch and a bundle of spears. In its left it holds a globe, from which is suspended the pendulum, forty-nine inches long. At the bottom of the pendulum is a dial with the minutes and hours marked off, and in the centre old Father Time and his scythe remind the beholder of the fleet passage of time into the illimitable eternity. Every hour the eagle calls out in hoarse tones the time.

At the left of the Bunker hill monument is a skeleton a foot high grasping a hammer, with which it tolls on a bell the quarter hours. At the first quarter a door in the upper case last described flies open, and the famous scene of the throwing overboard of a cargo of tea in Boston harbor is re-enacted. At the second quarter hour another door is opened, and "the cause of the war of 1812" is displayed by the representation of Englishmen in the conventional scarlet attire inviting an Indian chief to take up arms against the Americans, the palaver being delineated by clear pantomime. In the background are seen British soldiers taking American sailors from their ships.

The ringing of the third quarter hour causes another door to spring open, disclosing Gens. Scott and Taylor encamped in Texas. Each of the distinguished soldiers politely steps forward and takes off his chapeau to the spectators, and then retires to keep a vigilant eye on the Greasers.

At the fourth quarter hour the opening of a door brings to view a scene emblematic of the late civil war. A negro is seen at the back of the alcove bound with chains. A procession of eleven men—representing the eleven seceding states—dressed in the gray uniform of the Confederate army, passes in front of the unfortunate slave, each turning his back on the colored man as he passes. After they have all gone by, the emancipator of the down-trodden race, President Lincoln, comes along and seeing the unhappy son of Ham, advances to him, loosens his shackles, and leads him away.

In addition to the airs that are played every five minutes the period is also marked by the passage across the stage of figures which pass from the fort at the right and disappear through the portals of the one on the left. First comes Brigham Young and one of his wives, who are supposed to be on their wedding tour. Next comes Gen. Grant on horseback; then a hand bearing the penknife with which Prof. Wegman carved out all the figures of the clock; then the figure of a man representing a manager who rendered matters unpleasant for the professor at one time; then the figures of Garfield and Guiteau as they appeared at the moment of the assassination; then Guiteau's deity, who carries a sign reading "Cranks wanted;" then the Indian chieftain. Capt. Jack, and finally the historical vessel, the Mayflower. Only one of these figures passes around at each interval of five minutes.

The clock is operated by two springs twenty feet long and three inches wide having a lifting power of 800 pounds.

Safety Wall in Case of Fire.

[The Continent.]

The latest invention for the protection of audiences is a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottbue, Germany. The plan is to make the interior walls in all parts of the theatre of papier mache, made after a certain method. Such a wall will have the appearance of massive stone, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are to be painted in luminous letters, "To be broken open in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape can be made to the outer air.

A New Pastime.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Down south a new and unique pastime has been invented, which is known as the melon contest. A large watermelon is picked out and placed in some shop window, with the announcement that a prize, generally a watch and chain, will be given to the person who correctly guesses the number of seeds in it. At a recent contest held in Knoxville, Tenn., 4,704 guesses were received from fourteen different states.

SNAKE-HANDLING.

Strange Experiences in India with Pythons and Cobras.

[Chambers' Journal.]

Apropos of Dr. Stradling's interesting snake anecdotes in your Journal, I send you a note illustrative of the danger of handling certain kind of snakes. Out here, individuals of one sect of fakirs—religious mendicants—are frequently met with wearing young and tame pythons as necklaces. One such animal took the fancy of an officer and for a few rupees was transferred from the fakir's neck to his; and for some time both were on very good terms. One day our friend sat down to breakfast with the python round his neck, a thing he had never done before; the tail of the animal came across the arm of the chair and instinctively coiled round it. The leverage thus obtained seemed to revive its memories of victim squeezing, and in a moment the officer was in the pangs of strangulation, bound fast to his chair and the awful coil of the python around his neck. But in that supreme moment of horror appalling he retained his nerve; with his left hand he seized the reptile's head and with his right grasp a table knife and was just able to inflict a gash behind its head, and then the suffocating coils fell slack. The officer was afterward found prostrate on the floor in a dead faint, from which he only recovered to be seized with brain fever, the delirium of which was entirely occupied with encounters with monstrous serpents. In course of time he recovered, but no one could recognize in that pallid, gray-haired and careworn shadow of a man the once stalwart, hearty, and enthusiastic sportsman.

Another note to illustrate the extreme danger of handling even dead snakes. Maj. Dennys, a police officer in the central provinces, was recently out shooting and killed a large cobra. His companion asked to see its poison fangs, and Maj. Dennys, seizing the head with one hand, opened its jaws with the other to exhibit the fangs, which, in the approaching rigidity of death, closed on his finger. Aware of his awful risk he sucked his finger and hastened home. But all assistance was unavailing; he died in three hours.

I once kept and freely handled a snake declared to be innocuous; it escaped, and after much searching could not be found. Presently my boy ran up with tears in his eyes, declaring that his three pet rabbits were all dead; true enough, they were so, and quite rigid. Coiled up in the hutch was the missing snake which my boy and I had so frequently handled!

The handling of snakes is often unavoidably forced upon us by the extraordinary and oftentimes incomprehensible positions in which snakes are frequently encountered. We are apt to fancy that snakes are essentially groveling creatures, forgetting that their ventral scales give them admirable facilities for climbing. Unless you recognize this fact, it is difficult to understand how snakes get into the roofs of up-country bungalows, which are supported by smooth and whitewashed walls and pillars; how you meet them on the upper shelves of your bookcases, or in other apparently inaccessible situations.

But when you meet snakes in the act of ascending trees, and apparently with nothing to hold on by, you are resigned to your fate, and are prepared for sanguine encounters anywhere and everywhere. If you are a lady you must not be surprised—as my wife was—at a deadly snake dropping out of the sleeve of your velvet jacket, which your ayah was helping you on with, that jacket having previously hung from a wall peg, leaving it three or four feet from the ground. Nor, if you are going out calling, must you be astonished if a cobra looks in upon you from the double roof of your brougham. How did the one snake ascend the smooth wall and get into the jacket? How did the other pass up the smooth and glass-like sides or wheels of the brougham and get into its double roof?

I might adduce illustrations by the score of these strange rencontres, and they show us how we must always be on our guard against snakes. Yet it is marvelous that among Europeans we very rarely hear of deaths from snakebite, while the bare feet and legs of natives leave them frequently and fatally open to attack.

A Match Found for a Boston Quiz.

[Boston Courier.]

Two Boston gentlemen while tramping through the White mountains the past summer, came across a lonely hut among the hills from which the prospect was particularly fine and extended. The proprietor of the establishment was hoeing in his small garden, and the travelers began to quiz him. Said one:

"You have an excellent view from your house."

"Purty fair," replied the farmer.

"I suppose," continued the first speaker, winking to his companion, "on a fair day you can see almost to Europe?"

"Kin see further 'n that," returned the man.

"How so?" was asked in surprise.

"We don't think nothin' of seein' as fur as the mune."

The Bostonians had found their match.

Bowie Knives.

[New York Sun.]

"Is the present bowie knife the same shape as the earlier one?"

"There is not much variation in the shape of the real bowie. Many persons call almost any broad bladed hunting knife a bowie knife. The real bowie knife has a 'clip' point. There is a knife which has a spear point, and which is similar to the bowie knife in every other respect. Nine people out of ten will tell you that it is a bowie knife. Formerly bowie knives had blades from ten to fifteen inches in length, and were two inches broad, and proportionately thick. Now the blades are often made as short as five inches, and rarely are longer than twelve inches. A five-inch bowie blade is one inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The bowie knife has a single edge. The point is sharp and strong. The 'clip' extends about one-third the length of the blade, and gives the knife a wicked appearance."

HANDLING THE REINS.

A Horseman's Views of What Women Need to Learn About Driving Horses.

[Inter Ocean.]

"Well, when you have handled horses as long as I have, and watched other people do the same, I think you'll agree with me when I say that no other accomplishment among ladies needs to be taught more than the proper use of reins. If the ladies knew more about the 'ribbons' of a horse's harness than the ribbons of their bonnets it would be better for them. A woman has to use such knowledge twice where a man does once, for she must make up in skill what she lacks in strength and agility. Now, in the case we just now saw a man would have been out of that carriage and had the horse pushed from the track in a moment almost; but with the woman it was a different thing altogether, for she was so incumbered with her heavy skirts that if she had tried to leave the buggy she would probably have been caught and crushed, while if she had escaped the horse and vehicle would surely have been lost."

"Can you tell at a glance whether a lady is a good driver?"

"Yes, almost at a glance. Now, there comes a lady driving that big bay. See? Did you notice the way she held the lines? Well, that isn't proper, altough nearly every lady we've met this afternoon held them that way. You will notice a man or a good lady driver always grasps the rein so that it passes into the hand under the little finger first, the ends of the fingers, after the hand is closed upon the rein, being in a perpendicular line. This gives a vise-like grip which it is almost impossible for the leather to slip through. But the wrong habit ladies fall into is to catch the rein in such a way that when it enters the hand it passes over the forefinger; when held in that way it is very hard to keep it from slipping, and so it happens that when an excited horse gives a quick jerk and the lady feels the line slip she thinks her strength is inadequate, loses her presence of mind, and in a few minutes somebody's hurt.

"An incident that early in life impressed me with the importance of knowing how to act when other lives than one's own are consigned to his keeping: A lady friend of ours from the city came out to visit our family on the farm when I was just growing into manhood, and on her arrival she wanted to have it understood that she was an old driver and knew all about horses. Yielding to her request, I hitched up one of our finest teams one day, and she invited several of the women folks to go out with her. As soon as she took her seat and picked up the lines I knew she was unfit to drive the bays, and frankly told her so, offering to act as coachman; but she gave her head a shake and said she "guessed she knew," and the four started gayly off. About dusk the horses came to the barn all wounded and bleeding, and, following their tracks back, we found two of the party dead and the third crippled for life, the city driver escaping with a slight bruise. But she might as well have been dead, though, for she always thought herself a murderess, and two years after was in a lunatic asylum. That is one reason why I consider this an important subject."

Shorthand by Machinery.

[New York World.]

A reporter of The World was yesterday shown an invention which seems destined to reduce the hitherto complicated and uncertain art of shorthand writing to an exact science. It is a triangular-shaped machine, weighing about three pounds and measuring about seven inches at its widest part. Mounted on a cast-iron stand are four V-shaped keys controlled by eight finger-pieces, four on each side of a centre or thumb key, which is placed lower and is a little larger than the others. The writing is done by striking these keys, thus causing points or "markers" to strike an ink-prepared ribbon against a paper tape, which moves forward automatically under a small rubber cylinder each time a key is struck. The machine can be folded up and conveniently carried in a neat leather case, resembling that ordinarily used to contain a field-glass.

The system is simplicity itself, consisting, as it does of dashes of uniform length, which in combinations of one or more printed in five distinct positions across the tape, can be made to represent all the vowels and consonants in the language. By omitting the vowels and writing phonetically, as in ordinary shorthand, a speed exceeding that of the most rapid stenographer with pen or pencil can be obtained. The mechanical accuracy of the instrument is such that a blind man can operate it perfectly, and a deaf mute with good eyes can read and transcribe the writing. It is asserted by the inventor that the system can be learned in less than one-third the time required to learn any other system of shorthand.

The machine is called the "Stenograph," and is the invention of Mr. M. M. Bartholomew, of Belleville, Ill., who had been writing Pitman's system of shorthand for eleven years as an official court reporter, when he hit upon the idea two years ago.

Southern and Northern Girls.

[Boston Transcript.]

"Perhaps," remarked a southern girl the other day, "it is because northern men have not the deferential manners towards women that southern men have, and perhaps it is because we still let them think it's their privilege and honor to seek us; but anything like the bold monopoly of men by northern girls I never saw. Some of them act as if they did not care whether a man existed or not, and others of them elbow one another to make him exist for herself alone." We fear the languid-eyed, cooing-mannered damsel had but small chance amongst some of her brilliant rivals, but as an adverse opinion is sometimes wholesome, it is given for what it is worth.

An Arduous Business.

[Hatters' Record.]

The hatter gets a dollar by making a hat-brim straight. The following season he gets another dollar for turning the brim up. The next season he gets another dollar for turning the brim down. Hat-making is an arduous business.

'TWERE BETTER.

[Jean Ingelow.]

If to reflect a light that is divine
Makes that which doth reflect it better seen,
And if to see is to condemn the shrine,
'Twere surely better it had never been;
It had been better for her not to shine,
And for me not to sing. Better, I ween,
For us to yield no more that radiance bright,
For them, to lack the light than scorn the light.

Build the more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresisting sea. —[O. W. Holmes.

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend. —[George Channing.

Cocoa and Chocolate.

[Glasgow Herald.]

Many drinkers of these pleasant beverages are unaware as to the method by which the cocoa seeds are obtained. Cocoa, or cacao, is extracted from the seed of small trees of the genus theobroma, which, when cultivated, grows from twelve to eighteen feet high, but to a higher elevation in their wild state. The flowers are small and cluster on the branches and trunk, the matured fruit appearing as though artificially attached. Out of each cluster only one pod is allowed to mature, and this when full grown is from seven to ten inches long by three to four inches wide. The five cells contain each a row of from five to ten seeds embedded in a pink, acid pulp, the cocoa bean. The tree is indigenous to Mexico, but it can be cultivated within the twenty-fifth parallels of latitude, and thrives at any elevation under two thousand feet, but it requires a rich soil, a warm, humid atmosphere, and protection from cold winds. The trees are propagated from seeds in a nursery until they attain a height of from fourteen to eighteen inches, when they are transplanted and carefully sheltered by planting other trees about them. They commence to bear about the fifth year, but do not attain maturity until the eighth, and continue yielding fruit for nearly half a century.

There is no special time for harvesting the crop, as the trees continue bearing all the time, flowers and fruit in all stages being curiously borne on the same tree. But in Venezuela the principal gatherings are in June and December. Chocolate is generally made from the finer varieties of cocoa seeds, and was a favorite beverage in Central America long before Columbus discovered the new world. As at present prepared, chocolate is made in cakes, while cocoa is usually sold in powder, flakes, or nibs. The constituents of the average cocoa seed are as follows: Fat, cocoa butter, 32; nitrogenous compound, 20; starch, 20; cellulose, 2; theobromine, 2; saline substances, 4; water, 10; cocoa red, essential oil, 10.

"Ruhamah" of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

[Washington Letter.]

Miss Seidmore, whose nom de plume is "Ruhamah," makes more money with her pen than most male journalists, and is really almost the only woman in the city who is fairly entitled to the term of journalist. By this I mean that she is almost the only woman who does all kinds of newspaper work, and is always ready to respond to the beck and call of the newspapers she represents. While she writes for several newspapers, her principal journal is The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and with that she is identified both summer and winter. She is off in California "doing" the Yosemite valley, and will take in New Mexico and other places of interest for The Globe-Democrat, when she will return to the eastern watering places and go the customary routes during the season. Every summer she is sent by The Globe-Democrat all over the country to the most fashionable resorts, her salary being $30 per week and all expenses paid, which is quite as handsome remuneration as men journalists get for similar services. In winter she has, besides the social column of The Globe-Democrat, that of The New York Times and other leading journals, and furnishes society telegraph for Murray's bureau of The Philadelphia Times, Pittsburg Dispatch, Charleston News and Courier, and The Globe-Democrat, for which she receives $14 per column. In the height of the gay season she earns altogether $100 per week. Having friends at court, Miss Seidmore has the entree of the most exclusive circles, and is thus able to extract the very cream of the social gossip which she writes up in a pithily readable style. She is the mainstay of her mother, with whom she lives. Like Miss Snead, "Ruhamah" is fond of dressing a good deal when she goes to large receptions or parties which she seems to enjoy.

The Parliamentary Whip.

[Croffu's London Letter.]

"We are five members of parliament here to-night," said handsome young Blennerhassett, from across the table, "and every one of us has a 'whip' in his pocket commanding him to be present in his seat at this very hour."

Five members laughed. Gen. Hawley asked what a "whip" looked like; he had never seen one. Whereupon Mr. Puelston drew out an envelope and passed it over the table with "I'll present mine to you." The recipient thanked him, examined the instrument of castigation and passed it around among the curious Americans who had never seen one. A "whip" is simply a short note from a member of his party to whom the business is assigned, announcing that a "most important measure" will be before the house at a specified time, and it is "absolutely necessary that you be present in your place." All this is underscored with four parallel lines, making it look like a sheet of music all ready for the notes to be written in. That's a whip. Mr. Courtney presented his to Senator Windom, and Mr. Gilling silenced my clamors by obtaining one for me the next day. So I am not altogether whipless. Mr. Courtney explained that the whip was only for party uses; when the house was without a quorum, they rang a bell which summoned members of all parties far and near.

PRESERVING BY COLD STORAGE.

Meat, Poultry, Fish and Fruits Kept Fresh and Delicate by a New Process.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

To eat turkeys in midsummer that were frozen last November, and yet are as fresh as if they were sacrificed yesterday, was one of the novelties of our seaside menu, and since our arrival in Boston we have taken great pleasure in visiting the extensive warehouse of the Cold Storage company, to learn something of the way in which meat, poultry, fish, fruits, etc., are preserved by this new process. The building, which is of brick, and 165 feet long and eighty feet wide, consists of four stories and a basement, with corridors in the centre, and freezing rooms occupying the entire space on each side.

Through the courtesy of N. C. Pike, the superintendent, we were escorted through this extensive warehouse. The basement is well equipped for storage purposes with a solid concrete bottom nearly three feet thick, and the walls are of concrete nearly to the ceiling. The temperature of the various rooms on this floor was forty-two degrees, and here were stored immense quantities of fruits of all kinds, oranges, lemons, figs, dates, etc. Ascending to the next floor the temperature was two degrees lower, and here were rooms filled nearly to the ceiling with packages of eggs and butter. It was a positive refreshment to walk through these delightfully cool apartments. Air boxes convey the warm air upward, where it is purified in the ice loft in the top of the building, while cold currents of air are conducted through the cold air boxes into the different rooms according to the temperature required, which is regulated by a thermometer. Five thousand tons of ice are annually provided for this purpose.

Ascending a staircase to the third floor we found a temperature of thirty-six degrees, and we began to draw our wraps closer around us. Here the storerooms were devoted to large consignments of butter and eggs. Passing along the corridor we reached the freezing room, the greatest novelty of all. The moment the door was opened it was like an inhalation of February atmosphere, the temperature being only twenty-two degrees. Two sides of the room were lined with large galvanized iron cylinders filled with ice and salt. Here were turkeys, chickens, quail, duck, etc., frozen as stiff as they could be in the coldest winter weather. About twenty-four hours are required to thaw them sufficiently for cooking.

An adjoining apartment contained quantities of venison which had been frozen since last December. Mounting another staircase, we reached the fourth story, and as I paced the long corridor I could scarcely realize that I was walking under 5,000 tons of ice. The ice in the loft is twenty feet thick, and is covered with boards, then a layer of hair felt, and fifteen inches of mill shavings, allowing a space of five feet for a circulation of air between it and the roof of the building. A branch of the Union Freight railroad runs into the yard, making a connection with every depot in the city. In front of the door stood a refrigerator car, filled with butter, awaiting removal to the cold storage rooms.

Clean and Happy Dutch People.

[Holland Cor. St. Louis Republican.]

The truthful record cannot say much for the taste of the Dutch in their domestic architecture. The houses are lofty and irregular, without lines of beauty or advantages usually of location. They are very clean and are white with paint. The furnishing is grim and uncozy, but it is pre eminently wholesome. The flower gardens are models of neatness, if featureless as to arrangement. The cleanliness of the people is not only proverbial but is pursued to an excess that amounts almost to a mania. One may rest assured of clean linen in Holland. The houses are washed inside and out. The chickens are washed, the goats, cows, oxen, mules and horses are washed. Everything is scoured religiously. Vermin are considered a disgrace. A Dutch housewife on discovering a cobweb, will not only remove it, but will scour and scald the place where she found it and will institute a hunt for the spider which is not remitted until she has the insect's corpse under the dust. The houses have big gilt letters upon their facades to express the sentiment of their owners. They are all expressive of content and full of kernels of philosophy of life. "Lust en Rust" indicates the pleasure and repose of the owner, "Mijn Genoegen" shows his entire satisfaction, "Mijn Lust en Leven" indicates that the home is his pleasure and life, "Builen Zorg" discloses that the owner is without care and "Vrengde bij Vrede" shows that he has joy with his place. Some have longer titles with fuller sentiments. The whole tone of the country life leaves the impression that the people enjoy this life.

What Is Slang?

[Boston Courier.]

In its best sense slang is an attempt to get at the truth by the shorter routes. It may not always do this decorously, but, none the less, it generally manages to get there. Slang is the sworn enemy of circumlocution and periphrasis. It believes that in literature, as in geometry, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. As it almost invariably originates among uneducated people this is quite natural. It is a stripping away of the dry husks of things to get the quicklier at the kernel. It is an unconscious striving to attain to the actualities and essences of things—it is, in its lowly, common way, a blind reacher after what Mr. Carlyle toploftily calls the "eternal veracities."

A Senator's Helpmate.

[Boston Budget.]

Mrs. Senator Logan is a model congressman's wife. She is a fine, matronly looking woman, with snow-white hair, clear hazel eyes, the merry laugh of a school-girl, and the tender kindliness of a mother. Magnetic in manner, she exercises a potent influence over the senator, and does much to increase his personal popularity. She writes his letters, corrects the proof of his speeches, franks his documents, and distributes his garden seeds with rare judgment.

KALAKAUA'S KINGDOM.

What a New York Man Saw in the Sandwich Islands--No Pests Except Leprosy.

[Chicago Tribune Interview with E. A. Thorne.]

"What sort of labor is employed in the islands?"

"Mostly Chinese, and the rest Portuguese, German, and Kanakas, or natives. The Germans are often thrifty and become overseers. The Portuguese are very good, and are becoming more numerous. The Kanakas are the most reliable, but they are very improvident and are hard to obtain."

"Has it not been charged that a species of slavery existed on the plantations with reference to these laborers?"

"It has, but without any foundation whatever. These laborers are engaged in the native countries to emigrate to the islands and to work for from one to three years after arrival for wages, in consideration that the planter who hires them shall pay their fare across the water. This is called 'shipping.' When their time is up if they agree to remain for another period with their employer this also is called 'shipping'. There is a charge made in this country that these contracts are enforced in such a way as to make them amount substantially to slavery. But there is not a word of truth in it. There are the same legal means exactly in the islands as in the state of Illinois for enforcing the fulfillment of such a contract on the part of hired laborers. That is to say, in case they violate their contract they can be sued for damages, and if they have committed fraud they can be arrested and held to bail, and the suit is tried before a native Kanaka justice at that. Indeed, these remedies are so inadequate that the planters are in a state of perpetual peril and dissatisfaction on account of the insecurity of their contracts."

"How are the laborers treated while working out their contract?"

"Very humanely indeed. They are cared for just like children. The laws not only forbid slavery, but forbid a planter to strike a hired servant."

"What of the climate and scenery of the islands?"

"The most delightful imaginable. The country is swept by the trade winds, and the temperature is kept remarkably even and comfortable. The themometer never gets above ninety degrees, and seventy degrees is the average the year round. There are three months of sultry weather in the summer, but the rest of the year is very comfortable. It is also a land of perpetual verdure. Flowers of every hue and shape are so abundant that you may walk over beds of them anywhere. Fruits, also, in endless variety abound everywhere. I could stand on the veranda of my hotel and pick figs, oranges, bananas, limes, mangoes and papyas. What is more wonderful, there is not a wild animal, a snake or any kind of reptile in the country."

"Are there no pests of any kind?"

"There are some mosquitoes, and from what I heard before I went there, I expected them to eat me up. But I found no more of them than there is in this country, and they gave me no trouble except at one or two places. The only plague I know of in the country is the leprosy. This terrible disease is confined to the Kanakas, or natives. It is contagious, but not infectious. It is entirely painless, but it causes the joints of the body to come apart, so that the hands and feet drop off. As soon as a person is taken with it he is banished to the island of Malakai, which is reserved entirely for the residence of lepers, and on which there is a colony of from 400 to 500 of them all the time. People who are curious about the disease often go there and walk through the hospital with impunity. The lepers are the most cheerful patients in the world."

Old English Weddings.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Our ancestors, especially the English ones, in all their marriage customs paid great attention to that promoter of human happiness and forerunner of long life—eating and drinking. They did not believe in dressing the body and stuffing the soul while the stomach went empty. From an old English paper 120 years old comes this item: Married, in June, 1760, Mr. William Donkin, a considerate farmer of Great Cassin, near Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Stotten, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of mutton and a great quantity of beef; twelve hams, with a suitable number of chickens, which was concluded with eight hampers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and everything was conducted with the greatest order and unanimity.

The Puritans relaxed a little when they came to marriage, for when the daughter of Rev. Mr. Ballantine, of Westfield, Mass., was married, his people sent him as wedding presents several quarts of rum and brandy, a loin and leg of mutton, a leg of veal, five fowls, suet, butter, flour and pigs, cranberries and apples. Civil magistrates used to perform the ceremony, and at the feast a dance, the music being furnished by a mulatto fiddler, was enjoyed, though Rev. Jonathan Judd was so horrified at the dancing at weddings that when his son attended one at Southampton, Mass., he sent a messenger after him to lead him home by the ear.

What in a woman is called "curiosity" in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the "spirit of inquiry."

George Washington weighed 209 pounds at the close of the revolutionary war.

English Exchange: Land in London recently sold at the rate of $3,500,000 per acre.

EXECUTED IN PRISON.

The Hanging of Six Desperadoes by the Inmates of the Andersonville Stockade.

[Chicago Herald.]

On the 30th of June, under the leadership of a mysterious character known as "Limber Jim," but the real name of whom has never yet been ascertained, a vigilance committee was organized in Andersonville, and the members of it were known in camp as the "regulars." The original object of the organization was the breaking up of the band of raiders and the enforcement of order throughout the camp. "Limber Jim" was the leading spirit of the vigilance committee, and under his direction a number of raiders were arrested. The rebel authorities, who were at least interested in preventing the camp from being infested with a pack of human wolves, thereby rendering the duties of their troops less burdensome in keeping the encampment in subjection, consented that the arrested raiders should be tried by Union soldiers, and, if found guilty, sentenced to execution. It was believed that this course would have a wholesome effect, and full liberty was extended to the vigilance committee to do what they pleased with the offenders.

They were tried under form of a law extemporized for the occasion, and six of the men were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. The 11th of July was set as the day for execution, and before noon a scaffold was erected in the camp under one of the most enchanting of Georgia skies. When marched into the camp the wretched men were left face to face with their executioners, and not less than 30,000 stood around them. A Catholic priest who had been with the half dozen desperadoes fulfilling the duties of his office as spiritual adviser, made an earnest, impassioned appeal for the preservation of their lives; but, seeing his efforts unavailing, he sought the condemned men to turn their attention to God, who alone could have mercy upon them. The men whose hands had been stained with a thousand crimes, if not with the blood of their fellow-prisoners, were compelled to ascend the scaffold, and the execution was proceeded with.

Pending the consummation of the arrangements, one of the men broke from the platform on which the six were standing with the executioner, who was none other than "Limber Jim," and his aids, and made a desperate struggle for life. The crowd gave way for the instant and let him through the living environment out into the open camp. The pursuit, however, was as desperate as the flight, and the wretched man was recaptured and brought back to the place of execution. Bags were drawn over the heads of the trembling culprits, and the ropes with which they were to be hung were adjusted around their necks. "Limber Jim" was the last man to leave the platform. As he descended the rough ladder he halted for a moment, and, touching a spring, sent the half dozen men down the fatal leap. An exclamation of horror was heard from 20,000 lips. In the fall the ringleader had broken his rope and fell unharmed at the foot of the vast concourse. It was but the work of an instant, seemingly, by which his executioners forced him to reascend the scaffold. With face whiter than a ghost the doomed leader glanced at his associates struggling with death at his side. Just as the bag was again forced over his head, shutting out forever the light of day from his sight, he cried out with immeasurable agony of mind, "Boys, pray for me!" being the last words he ever uttered. The executioner, "Limber Jim," was immediately guarded out of camp, and was never again seen inside the stockade.

How the Revolutionary Heroes Celebrated Peace.

[J. T. Headley in Harper's Magazine.]

Although the first formal celebration was to commence at 12 o'clock with prayer, an anthem of praise accompanied by the band, and followed by three thundering huzzas, the excited soldiers could not wait till then, but ushered in the day with firing of guns and shouts and songs till hill and valley rang again. Heath says that the effect was grand when the army with excited voices thundered forth the anthem "Independence," by Billings:

"The states, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice."

And from plain and hill-top, field and forest, there rose strong and great against the sky:

"And all the continent shall ring,
Down with this earthly king;
No king but God."

When night came the piles of combustible materials that had been heaped on the summits of Berean mountains and Storm King to signal the advance of the enemy were lighted up, not to herald the approach of the foe, but blazed from their lofty tops like great altar fires to the God of peace.

A Newsboy's Trick.

[Boston Budget.]

Baize went out of the Park theatre the other night between the acts. It is not necessary to say at this time what he went for. All that the reader need know is, that in coming back he met a little boy, with a bundle of papers under his arm, crying bitterly. "What's the matter, sonny?" said Baize, who was full of the milk of human kindness, combined, perhaps, with a liquid of a more substantial character. "I'm stuck," answered the boy, "and my father will lick me when I go home if I do not sell all of my papers. "Too bad, too bad," replied Baize, sympathetically; "what will you take for the whole lot?" "Twenty-five cents," said the boy, drying his eyes and wiping his nose on the sleeve of his shirt. "All right," rejoined the benevolent man; "give them to me." Baize took the papers and threw them into the street, and the boy took the quarter and disappeared suddenly round the corner. An hour later, when Baize was leaving the playhouse with Mrs. Baize he saw that identical newsboy with those identical newspapers, whining: "Please buy a paper, mister? I'm stuck." "So am I," said Baize.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fine wool is so lovely for wear, so sanitary in its effects, that it is pleasant to see how largely it is pressed into service for autumn suits and outdoor garments. This we owe to the introduction by wealthy "traveled" women of the English tailor-made suit and its gradual adoption among us. The cost of a good tailor-made suit, well fitted and finished, is from $90 to $125—the difference in the fineness of cloth and quality of satin lining rather than the cut, design or workmanship.

The costume consists of four pieces, skirt, tunic, basque and outside coat, made like a gentleman's frock coat; if a Newmarket (long coat) is required, the coat would range from $125 to $150.

Much better than ribs of mixtures are the yielding yet resisting stockinette or twilled cloth resembling stockinette, of which the finest Jersey jackets, tunics, suits, and some of the new cape cloaks are composed. The cloth is thick, warm, rough finished on the under side, yet light in weight and not clumsy. When made into Jerseys it is faced with silk or satin, the pockets put in tailor fashion, and the finishing executed with the utmost neatness.

The Jersey jacket has taken on a most singular vogue—singular because it has been before the public several years, but only recently broken out into this apparently causeless epidemic. There is a great difference between the cost of a plain and the cost of a braided tunic of the same kind. A lady who had finished an order for braiding a hundred dozen of fine cashmere Jerseys recently, received an order for another hundred dozen from the same firm. The price to purchasers of the plain Jersey was $5. The price paid for braiding was sixty cents. The price charged for the braided Jersey was $1. Ladies who can braid and embroider their own Jerseys had better make a note of this.

Fashion Dots.

White silk gauze with large velvet figures is the newest fabric for bride's dresses.

Round hats of felt have large, high square crowns and stiff brims faced with velvet.

Pointed velvet yokes are used on silk dresses which have vandyke pointed trimmings.

No jewelry is worn by women on the street now except rings, and they are covered.

For the short coats, the Melton and West of England cloths are very popular.

Long redingotes and cloaks of Muscovite velvet are trimmed with dark-gray and black furs.

Dark blue wool dresses will be elaborately trimmed with red braid, or combined with red wool.

Perfectly plain Jerseys are no longer fashionable. They must be either embroidered or braided.

Breton, Franklin, and Elizabethan vests and plastrons are all revived in the new autumn toilets.

All the new gathered flounces have the edges cut in leaf, dog tooth, or vandyke points or blocks.

Muscovite velvets have large figures of cut velvet in high relief on the plain, uncut velvet ground.

Tournures will not be worn this winter. They are very awkward and spoil the shape of the figure.

Gilt lace and white crepe lisse, crinkled crape and silver braid are combined in the new neck-wear.

Only bone, steel, and silk buttons will be used on costumes this winter. They are small and plain.

For the neck and sleeve trimmings of the new dresses gilt braid, gilt gauze, and gilt lace are used.

Brides' dresses are trimmed with silver cords, silver galloons, and an embroidery of silver threads and beads.

Skirts cut in vandykes or blocks at the bottom, tailing over a plaited flounce, are a feature in fall costumes.

Coquilles of Oriental lace, both black and white, are arranged down the front of the bodice of black silk dresses.

Underskirts of velveteen will be much worn this autumn beneath tunics and polonaises of tweed and cheviot.

Rays of Learning.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.—Landon.

The secret of living is to say everything that can be said on the subject.—Voltaire.

Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsels may then be useful where your own self-love might impair your judgment.—Seneca.

He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have any of his own to show.—Aikin.

Give freely to him that deserveth well, and asketh nothing; and that is a way of giving to thyself.—Fuller.

It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem.—Queen Christine.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.—Publius Syrius.

"The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain."
—Thomson.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious is a genius or a hero.—Lavater.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—Tillotson.

"True dignity is never gained by place,
And never lost when honors are withdrawn."
—Massinger.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine preceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.—Emerson.

Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet, of all actions of our life it's most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Notes.

All fruits ripen better in the dark than in the light, tomatoes included, says the Farm Journal.

The Live Stock Monthly, speaking of ensilage, says that while theorists are still endeavoring to show the insignificant value of ensilage for feeding to milch cows, the practical farmers continue to build silos, fill them with ensilage and double the number of cattle on their farms. Scientists cannot prove impossible that which exists as a tangible, practical fact.

Mr. Thomas D. Baird, in the American Garden, states that he tried several experiments with tomatoes, and found that those which had been "topped" were larger and four days' earlier than others not so treated. Vines not staked were not as productive as those that were, and the vines that were only seldom pruned bore the poorest of all.

A home-made brush harrow is thus described by Mr. C. R. Garford, of the Michigan Horticultural Society: "Those I saw were made of six small birch trees about two inches in diameter at the butts. These were placed at equal distances apart and attached to a headpiece—a 2x4 scantling—with a chain hitched to the scantling in two places, to which the whiffletree is attached. One horse will take a wide sweep of ground with this contrivance, leaving the ground in admirable shape."

Glanders in horses is marked by a peculiar deposit, with sores on the membrane of the nose, and in the lungs and elsewhere. The acute form results from inoculation, or in weak, worn-out animals. Exhausting diseases, bad air and overwork are among the causes favorable for its production. The symptoms of the acute form are languor, loss of appetite, red watery eyes, dry staring coat, quick pulse and breath, colored patches in the nose, watery discharges from that organ, and sometimes dropsical swellings in the limbs and joints.

The Orange County Farmer says concerning housing manure: When farmers learn from experience that by housing manure and thoroughly working it over, mixing with absorbents such as muck, earth, road dust, leaves, etc., to take up the liquid and the ammonia set free, its value is double what it now is, and at an expense, too, much less than the same amount of plant food could be obtained in an artificial fertilizer, a new era will have been reached in agriculture, and we shall see the fertility of the old farms brought back to where they were fifty years ago.

Cottonseed for Feeding Cows.

That cottonseed, when fed whole, is absolutely unfit for the production of good milk and butter I presume no intelligent dairyman will deny, but that it produces abortion will be news to many Southern stock-breeders. This may be so, but it is not in accordance with my experience. I have fed it for years to young heifers and dry cows, through all the stages of pregnancy, and have never yet known the slightest injury to result from it either to the cow or the calf. The same is true of sheep. Two winters ago my ewes began to abort badly, and at first I was inclined to attribute this to the cottonseed, but upon investigation I found the sheep that had been fed the seed were doing well, and that the loss by abortion was confined to the flock that had been fed no seed at all.

Cattle not in milk, that have plenty of nice bright wheat-straw and cut corn fodder for roughness, and are fed a moderate quantity of seed, with a little bran over it, will winter nicely, their bowels being kept in good condition by the seed counteracting the constipating tendancy of the roughness. I have thus carried through the winter about seventy-five head of pure and grade Jerseys, and they have come out with glossy coats and general healthy look. Too much seed fed them simply produces scours, which, of course, if eccessive, might bring about abortion, but the same might be said of too much green clover and grass. If I am not mistaken, the medical authorities agree that it is the cotton root and not the seed that produces abortion, and it has always been my understanding that the negro women of the South used the root instead of the seed for their purpose. To say that the cottonseed meal, in the hands of a careful feeder, is a dangerous food, producing indigestion, etc., I admit, but when decorticated and carefully fed, in the proportion of about one part meal to three parts wheat bran, there is, in my opinion, on better winter food for cows in milk.

Preserving Salt Meat.

Much of the corned beef and salt pork put up by farmers becomes tainted or completely spoiled during the summer and fall. The injury is not caused by using too small amount of salt. As a rule, much more salt is employed than is necessary to preserve the meat. Sometimes it contains inpurities that cause the meat to contract a bad flavor. pure salt should be employed for preserving meat and dairy products. It costs but little more than that which is impure, and it is more satisfactory in all respects. Meat packed in a barrel and covered with brine becomes tainted or spoiled in consequence of small portions of it or some of the fat or blood it contains coming to the top of the brine. The air comes in contact with it there and decomposition takes place. The products of the decomposition of animal substances always have an unpleasant taste and smell, and these in the case of meat in a barrel are communicated to the brine and from thence to the meat. Meat packed in brine should be cut in pieces with a very sharp knife. This will leave the edges smooth. After it has been for a few days in the brine the latter should be poured off and boiled. The boiling will cause all the impurities to rise to the surface while the blood will be coagulated. These substances should then be skimmed off, and when the brine is cold it can be returned to the barrel. If the brine does not continue pure, the operation of boiling should be repeated. Special pains should be taken to keep the meat under the brine at all times. A perforated top or false cover, or a frame work, should rest on the meat and be weighed down by a clean stone. If these precautions are employed the liability of spoiling will be very slight.

ALL SORTS.

A simple lay—an egg.

A gold pen—a coin vault.

Worth is a millionaire.

Pressed for time—A mummy.

A whine merchant—A dealer in bad spirits.

It is a cold day when the ice is not left.

A base ball muff keeps no hand warm.

The hotel cook should be given a wide range.

Not what it is cracked to be [illegible] eat.n nut.

The merchant who sells for cash belongs to the no-bill-ity.

Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious trance-action.

Ladies' dress goods called "lawns" should never be less than a yard wide.

A crank suggests that the most appropriate music for a hand-organ is Handel's.

A young lady who was being stared at too earnestly drew a veil over the seen.

When a man does not know his gun is loaded his bullets are apt to be led astray.

By the way, a dog generally "comes to the scratch" in the attempt to "make both ends meet."

When the head of a family accidentally backs into a tub of hot water he can be said to be pa-boiled.

A man may "smile" and "smile," and be a villain, but the betting is two to one that he will be drunk.

When the widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.

The last piece of timber of the Bourbon dynasty in France is gone. It was a poor figure-head anyway, only a Chambord.

When a poet prepares a long-winded poem, does he measure it by the gas meter? That would be a good way to get in the "words that burn."

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—Pope.

"Can your wife drive?" one Somerville man asked another. "Drive what?" "Drive a horse, of course." "Drive a horse! why, man, she cannot drive a nail."

A young girl who married a New York dude on account of the lovely Queen Anne villa he had at Newport admits that she sold herself for a mess of cottage.

Miss Ayer, the heiress of the patent medicine and pill man, is worth $3,000,000 and is so far heart free. The wretch who would steal her affections would, of course, be a pill-fer-her.

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. He replied, "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time." "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.

FOR THE HOME.

Charlotte russe may be varied by adding chocolate to the custard.

String-beans cut into small pieces may be served with roast veal or lamb in place of pease and mushrooms with good effect; in fact, many people who do not like them in any other way find that they give a good relish when cooked with the meat.

Little wafer-like cakes to eat with chocolate or cocoa are made of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, with flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll them very thin, cut into strips, and bake in a quick oven.

Imperfect sweet appies, which are not suitable to bake whole, may be made a delicious dish. Pare and slice the best part of the apples, put them into a pudding-dish, add enough water to cover them; when tender serve with sugar and cream.

Nice breakfast cakes, to be baked in muffin tins, are made of one cupful of wheat flour and one cupful of Graham flour, a little salt, one egg beaten very light, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. The irons must be hot before putting the batter in.

To expedite the making of a lemon pie use hot water in place of cold, stir the cut-up lemon, the sugar, and cornstarch, and eggs together, as if you were making pudding sauce; then pour in hot water; if the pail or basin containing this is then placed in a vessel of boiling water it will cook in five minutes.

A delicious pie is made by stoning and chopping one heaping cupful of raisins, mixing with the juice and rind of one lemon, the yelks of two eggs. Bake with bottom crust only, and make a meringue of the whites of the eggs. You may put one whole egg into the pie, and make it with an upper crust.

To make crystal varnish take genuine pale Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts; mix, place the bottles in warm water, agitate well, set it aside in a moderately warm place, and in a week pour off the clear. It is used for maps, prints, drawings and other articles of paper; also to prepare tracing paper and to transfer engravings.

SWEETBREADS: Parboil and let them stand in cold water for half an hour. Wipe dry and place in an oven in a pan in which has been put a cup of water and a tablespoonful of butter. When brown remove and roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and return to the oven again. When brown remove them and serve immediately.

A picked eleven of lawyers from Liverpool played a cricket match with a picked eleven of lawyers from Manchester. The day was beautiful and fine, and a large company had assembled to see which set of lawyers had had the most practice. With the first ball of the second over, however, a dispute arose, and the twenty-two lawyers gathered around the umpire to argue the point. The argument continued with no sign of abatement till five o'clock in the evening, at which time the umpire died. Great astonishment is felt that he held out so long as he did.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 14, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—¼ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

New Fall stock in great variety COMING. Everything New—Clean and Bright as a new pin.

G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co.
Spring Mills

D. GARMAN & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Dealers in White Goods, Notions, Gents Furnishing Goods.

Black Cashmeres a specialty.

28jun tf It will pay you to call

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 P.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	7.05	9.40	1.50	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg, ar.	1.15	9.55	2.00	6.10	8.05
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25	10.05	2.15		
Fair Ground	7.30	10.13	2.20		
Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.30		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.36	2.36		
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.	11.00	2.50		
Mifflinburg, lv	8.80		1.30 3.00		
Milmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Coburn	9.48		5.00		
Spring Mills, ar	10.15		ar. 5.30		

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8 P.M.	10
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn		6.18		2.20	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Milmont		7.40		3.52	
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M. 11.45	4.15	
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00	11.45	4.15	
			P.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl		8.20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground		8.30	12.33	4.48	
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M. 8.35		12.40	4.55	P.M. 7.30
Lewisburg, lv.	6.35	8.45	ar. 12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon	ar. 6.45	ar. 9.00	ar. 1.05	ar. 5.20	ar. 7.40

LOCAL ITEMS.

Muslin at a sacrifice at Garmans. *

——Mrs. Hinton, wife of ex commissioner Austin Hinton, we regret to learn, died a few days ago.

——Milton Sweeny, of this town, has opened a carriage shop at Zion. Success to him.

——Rev. N. J. Miller, of Lancaster county, is the new pastor of the Rebersburg Ref. charge.

——Mr. James Furey, once a citizen of Pleasant Gap, died a short time ago, at Youngstown, Ohio.

——We noticed Gen. Gregg, of Lewisburg, in our town a few days ago, and were pleased to have a shake of his hand. The General is straight as an arrow and has the appearance of a born military man.

If people troubled with colds, would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or place of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both speakers and hearers. Public speakers and singers find that the Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

——Centre Co. Pomona Grange will meet at Centre Hall, Friday, Nov. 30, at 10 a. m. Annual election in the afternoon.

——Doll & Mingle keep the run—all go there for boots and shoes. It is looked upon as the place that keeps the best and finest goods and latest styles at the lowest prices. When persons can't suit themselves elsewhere they find Doll & Mingle have the boot or shoe that is wanted.

——Lewins & Co., headquarters for the best and cheapest clothing in the state, are still putting out suits like hot cakes. Customers come long distances to the Philad. Branch for clothing, because it more than pays expenses for a special trip even. From $5 to $15 saved on a suit is no small thing, and can only be done at the Philad. Branch, as all know.

——The engineer's estimate for grading, right of way, and ironing the road from Bellefonte to Lemont, is $230,000—about $28,000 per mile. That's steep.

The average, per mile, to put the roadbed from Spring Mills to Lemont in order, is said will be reported by engineer White, at $2,000. A little high too, we think.

——The most expensive drug now in the market is ergotinin; it costs $3.35 a grain, or nearly $1,500 a pound. No smart druggist will want 100 pounds at a time.

——John T. Lee, of this town, reports a head of cabbage weighing 21¼ pounds. This knocks all the rest higher'n Mahone.

——The weather has been on the rampage inside the last eight days. Had a few fine days last week, running into rain Friday and Saturday. Sunday night a fierce storm set in which continued all day Monday bringing a regular snow squall along in the forenoon.

Fancy goods at Garmans. *

PERSONAL.—Mr. And. Harter, manufacturer of leather in Millheim, gave us a call. Mr. Sam'l Kreamer, of Illinois, a former resident of Haines township, is now visiting among his friends in our valley, and tarried over a day with the Reporter folks. Edward Kline, of Tusyville, gave us a call—he reports his corn good, also quite a number of cattle belonging to various parties, singular to say, have had their legs broken through mishaps within the last few days.

Hosiery and gloves at Garmans. *

——Subscribers who will look on their labels and remit the amount due, or at least a part, will do us a great favor, as we are short in funds. 3t

CROCKERY.—Millheim Crockery ware—crocks, flower pots, vases, etc., are constantly kept on hand by John S. Auman, at Farmers Mills. Manufactured by M. Ulrick, Jr. oct11tf

An elegant 3-button kid glove for 75 cts. at Garmans. 3

LUTHER AT CENTRE HALL.

The 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther was celebrated in the Lutheran church at Centre Hall, on last Saturday evening. The weather was unfavorable yet the church was filled with people.

The ladies built up an embankment of flower plants in front of the pulpit which extended over it and covered the platform—the varied hues of the flowers, presenting a charming appearance. In the niche back of the pulpit was a large design on dark canvass, 4x5 feet, on which were sketched representations of the notable events in the life of the great Reformer; the Wartburg formed the central figure, Worms, Eisleben, and other important points, with appropriate lettering and mottoes, and dates of events, were plainly drawn, the whole forming a pleasing as well as instructive and appropriate chart. The design was an enlarged copy, drawn by John T. Lee, from a miniature in print. The ladies had the chart handsomely trimmed with evergreen and golden tinsel which lent a rich star-like glitter to the design.

The right and left of the pillars back of the pulpit were flanked by life-size portraits of Luther and Melancthon, added to which were minor decorations.

The services opened with "Rise, Glorious Conqueror," charmingly rendered by the choir. Prayer and other hymns followed, among these Luther's famous hymn, *Ein feste Burg*, which was well performed. The organ lent its strains to all the music and was presided over by J. W. Wolf. Responsive reading followed. The pastor, Rev. W. E. Fischer, then delivered a forcible and instructive address, subject, Luther and the Reformation. The next address was by D. F. Luse, subject, Luther and the Bible, by which the audience learned when, how and under what difficulties the precious Book was found and translated by Luther. The next address was by Michael Derstine, subject, Luther and the Catechism, in which the inestimable value of this work of Luther was forcibly set forth. The next and last address was by Fred'k Kurtz, subject, Luther and the Children, in which were given the childhood of Martin and the events in his life that showed that he had great love and deep concern for the children and their proper Christain training. The addresses were all brief, and taken together, enabled the audience to form an estimate of the greatness of Martin Luther.

The historic points on the chart were then explained by Mr. Lee, and after further music and prayer the audience were dismissed.

Pphotographs of the decorations as above described, persons at a distance can get by sending 50 cents to the pastor or committee.

SPRING MILLS.

Work has commenced on the Grange hall. Grenoble has a new clerk, Jas. B. Crawford. Mr. John Herman had to shoot one of his horses on account of having been injured by a fall. Where's the "News Boy?" P.

——An oratorical prize contest takes place at Lewisburg, on next Friday night between the Literary societies. The judges chosen to award the prize are Edward S. Gearhart, Esq., of Danville, and Fred'k Kurtz, of Centre Hall, these select the third—who will be one of the following: Hon. A. H. Dill, Hon. Frank Bound or Judge Bucher.

——It cannot be too frequently repeated that to preserve health, the main thing is to use none but healthy food. Any article stale or mouldy contains the germ of disease, as any intelligent physician will tell you. To be certain that you have none but pure and wholesome food for the table, purchase your family groceries at Sechlers and you are safe in this regard. They keep everything belonging to their line, and guarantee it to be pure and fresh.

The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Lutheran church at Centre Hall, will hold a public meeting in the Lutheran church on Sabbath evening. An address will be delivered by the pastor, and reports offered by members of the society, covering its work since its organization. An interesting meeting may be expected. Miss Puella Dornblazer will also be present and take part in the services. All are cordially invited to be present.

MISS FLORA O. NEFF, President.

Fancy dress-goods at 8c at Garmans. *

——No stock of ready made clothing in this or any adjoining county compares with that at the Philad. Branch, for variety, quality of goods, or low prices. You are never imposed upon or taken in at the Philad. Branch—they do nothing but fair and square business and treat all customers alike by having one price and that plainly marked. Try the Philad. Branch, you will certainly save money, and get goods that is neither shoddy nor auction stock.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla works directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is in the truest sense an alternative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

——Stover's Bellefonte Marble Works are gaining the highest reputation for fine work in monuments and tombstones. There are few marble shops outside of the city that keep up with the improvements in elegance or design and styles in this branch of industry—Stover, of Bellefonte is one of the few. Prices lower than anywhere in this state.

Black dress-goods at Garmans. *

For the REPORTER.

An exceedingly brilliant affair occurred at the residence of Mr. John Dauberman, east of Centre Hill, on Wednesday, Nov. 7. It was the occasion of his daughter's wedding—Miss Laura M. Dauberman to Mr. Chas. E. Knarr.

The guests numbered about 86, including representatives from Lewisburg, Lewistown, Centre Hall and State College. At exactly 12 o'clock the bridal party were escorted into the parlor and the ceremony performed by Rev. George Hunter, of Lewisburg. We speak of this as being one of the most agreeable and impressive ceremonies we ever witnessed.

After this congratulations were in order and fully half an hour was spent before these had ended. Dinner was then served and 27 persons seated to a table that cannot be excelled for quantity, quality and variety of delicious and toothsome food. After spending an hour and a quarter at the table another party of 27 were seated around it, while the bridal party took their departure for Bellefonte, and boarded the evening train for Altoona, where they intend to remain for some time and then return to the bride's father. After the next hour had elapsed the table was surrounded by the third company and then the waiters and servants tried hard to diminish the vast supply, but without effect.

The guests now proceeded to another department where the presents were arranged, among which were four costly silver pieces, one Majolica ware tea set, Japanese lamp, mirror, toilet set, white wool blankets, towels, fancy work, and a number of new and pretty designs in glassware. In short, it was a beautiful day beautifully spent, and may Providence let his blessings ever rest on Mr. and Mrs. Knarr and all who witnessed their union. C.

CENTRE CO. OFFICIAL—Nov. '83.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Aud'r Taggart D.	Gen'l Niles, R.	St'k Powell, D.	Treas'r Livsey, R.	A's'r Smith, D.	Ju'ge Dale, R.	Dist'y Heinle, D.	At'y Harshberger, R.	Co'r Orvis, D.	Sur'r Ray, R.
Bellefonte, N. W.	124	179	124	179	124	178	139	169	129	171
" S. W.	142	123	143	122	134	131	159	105	140	122
" W. W.	53	85	53	85	53	86	58	80	57	82
Milesburg	39	77	39	78	41	69	46	90	38	90
Millheim	120	22	120	22	114	23	93	30	115	24
Howard	43	67	43	67	40	67	44	66	43	67
Philipsburg 1st W.	46	74	47	73	42	76	47	73	46	74
" 2d W.	100	105	100	105	94	110	105	100	100	105
" 3d W.	39	55	39	55	37	57	41	52	38	55
Unionville	32	43	31	42	27	50	28	50	30	49
Benner	109	45	107	47	102	49	104	49	106	47
Boggs S.	145	135	143	135	138	151	143	147	143	145
" N.	30	38	30	38	28	38	27	40	27	40
Burnside	31	43	31	43	30	45	52	23	35	40
College	93	143	75	144	64	151	93	144	92	143
Curtin	41	20	40	20	36	25	47	13	37	21
Ferguson W P.	55	72	54	73	57	70	70	57	55	71
" N P.	156	44	148	51	123	74	146	50	145	55
Gregg S.	220	55	200	55	189	75	217	55	216	56
" N.	66	1	66	1	65	1	66	1	65	1
Haines E P.	88	24	88	24	87	27	80	25	88	25
" W P.	111	71	111	71	100	78	109	68	109	71
Halfmoon	42	76	40	78	39	80	41	78	39	79
Harris	128	57	127	58	122	63	123	62	124	61
Howard	61	86	61	86	53	90	61	84	58	88
Huston	43	67	43	67	43	67	47	61	45	58
Liberty	46	88	46	88	44	92	54	75	51	81
Marion	76	35	76	35	60	52	77	34	72	39
Miles	239	45	239	45	238	48	239	38	238	46
Patton	49	85	50	85	43	88	48	86	49	85
Penn	143	8	143	8	140	8	142	8	142	8
Potter N P.	156	43	149	50	126	63	144	54	147	52
" S P.	157	54	157	54	142	68	155	58	157	57
Rush S P.	73	48	81	40	70	49	78	43	75	45
" N P.	36	3	36	3	33	4	36	4	36	4
Snow Shoe E P.	101	54	101	54	100	48	105	49	101	54
" W P.	48	25	58	25	49	25	52	25	54	24
Spring	168	224	168	224	157	237	194	211	176	225
Taylor	33	55	33	50	34	32	33	53	34	52
Union	57	79	56	79	57	85	57	84	57	83
Walker	186	66	189	66	165	82	182	66	186	66
Worth	78	77	78	77	74	74	76	78	75	76
Total	3800	2792	3792	2801	3522	3036	3854	2729	3772	2840
Majorities	1018		991		485		1125		932	

For the REPORTER.

LUTHER MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The pastors of the Brush Valley, Sugar Valley and Aaronsburg charges united in holding Luther celebrations. The first services were held in Rebersburg, Nov. 4, morning and evening. Addresses were given in the morning by the writer on "Luther and the Reformation," and in evening by Rev. J. K. Miller, on the "Nature and Influence of the Reformation." The attendance was large and the attention indicated interest and appreciation on the part of the audience.

The choir discoursed excellent music on the occasion which all present seemed to enjoy, and for which all most certainly feel grateful.

Nov. 9, 7 p. m. a Centennial meeting was held at Tylersville. A good congregation assembled in the Lutheran church. Mr. Harter presided at the organ. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Zimmerman and Tomlinson, the former on "Luther and the Reformation." The pastor also made some appropriate remarks in German.

November 10, a 2 p. m. a memorial meeting commenced at Loganville. A sermon was preached by the writer on the Reformation with special reference to Luther. Rev. Zimmerman also gave an address—his subject was the "Hero of the Reformation," which he handled earnestly. Rev. Swengle opened the meeting with prayer. The choir performed their part well. The floral display reflected great credit on the congregation.

Saturday, 7 p. m. the people again assembled, and after opening services according to Order of Worship in the Hymnal, the audience was addressed by Rev. Zimmerman on "Luther and His Work," and by the writer on "The General Synod." After some remarks by the pastor the benediction was pronounced. After a hearty adieu, the officiating clergymen mounted the jubilee line and crossed Brush mountain into Penns Valley.

Nov. 11, 10 a. m., a large congregation assembled in the Lutheran church at Aaronsburg. The choir sang a suitable anthem, which was followed by the singing of Luther's battle hymn—"Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott, &c.," in the original German. Rev. Zimmerman read the Scripture lesson and offered the opening prayer in German. Rev. Miller then addressed the meeting on the "Rise and Decline of Rome Papal." As means of increasing the power of the Papacy, he enumerated indulgences, the inquisition and the organization of the Jesuites. The speaker unintentionally spent too much time on these monsters of iniquity and had consequently too little time left to apply to the means of lessening the power of Popery. He, however, introduced Luther and his work with happy effect. Rev. Zimmerman then followed with a German discourse and topped things out first rate. Rev. Z. Yearick, of the Reformed church, pronounced the benediction. It affords the writer pleasure to state in this connection in behalf of the congregation, that the pulpit was beautifully arched, with a large picture of Luther suspended in the centre above the speaker's desk with appropriate inscriptions above and below. The pulpit was beautified and adorned with flowers and vases. Es war gewisz schen.

At 2 p. m. another service was held in St. John's, Millheim. The chapel was filled to overflowing. The choir sang the the selections contained in the Augsburg Teacher. They were well sung, especially "A mighty stronghold is our God, &c." Rev. Hengst made an earnest prayer. Revs. Zimmerman and Miller then addressed the people, the former on Luther and the latter on the Nature and Influence of the Reformation. It was an intellectual feast.

All around and on the desk were beautiful flowers, behind the desk was a large triangle containing a life-size portrait of Luther around which were the inscriptions: "Hier steh ich, ich kann nicht anders, Gott hilfe mir. Amen." "God is our Refuge and strength."

Sabbath eve, 7 p. m., a third Centenary service was had in the Penns Creek church. There was a full house of attentive listeners. There was choice singing in which all the congregation joined. The same speakers entertained the audience; and although each had already spoken an hour both at Aaronsburg and Millheim, they did justice to the subjects they had in hand. All seemed pleased; your reporter tries to do justice briefly to all—but Nichts fuer ungut. J. T.

——The B. E. V. directors have a meeting in Philad., on Thursday, 15. We expect to hear of action from them favorable to the completion of our railroad.

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

Flanel and muslin at the lowest price, at Garmans.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common pleas of Centre county and to me directed will be exposed at public sale, at the Court-house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Saturday, the 24th day of November, A. D., 1883, the following property to wit:

No. 1.

All that certain lot or piece of ground situated in Howard township, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north and east by lands of Adam Boyer, on the south by the Bald Eagle creek and on the west by land of Solomon Tice, containing eight acres more or less, about all cleared and under cultivation; good orchard, &c. Thereon erected a small one story frame house, &c. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John M. Kline.

No. 2.

ALSO—All that building located on a lot or piece of ground, part of a tract of land situated in Harrisonville, Spring township, Centre county, bounded on the east by the old pike, and west by Mrs. Swarm and north by Abraham Stewart, containing ¼ acre more less; it is a 2-story frame building, twenty-four feet 2 front and sixteen feet 2 back. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Robert Schlottman, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

No. 3.

ALSO—All that certain building located on a lot of ground situated in the village of Spring Mills, Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., lying south of the Tyrone & Lewisburg R. R., beginning at a corner of the right of way of the railroad thence along an alley on the east side of Mrs. Erhards, lot 208 feet to the railroad, thence along the same 80 feet to place of beginning. The house for which the lumber was furnished is a 2-story plank frame building, 20x32 feet, situated on above described lot. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William B. Krape, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

No. 4.

ALSO—All the said building located on a lot or piece of ground, part of a tract of land situated in the village of Lemont, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the northwest by the Boalsburg turnpike road and adjoining lots or land of Moses Thompson. It is a 2-story plank frame house, 18x30 feet with a back building 12x14 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John H. Meese, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

No. 5.

ALSO—All that messuage tenement and tract of land situated in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at a post corner of lands of the heirs of George D. Ingram, dec'd, thence by lands late of Joseph Underwood, dec'd, south 57° east 46 perches to a post, by land surveyed in the name of Robert Hall north 32° east 129 perches to a post, thence north 56° west 5 perches to a dog-wood, thence by same course 27 perches to a post, thence by lands of J. C. Peters south 67° west 28 perches to a white oak, thence north 38° west 31 perches to a post by land of Wilson south 50½° west 76 perches to a post the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres, more or less, thereon erected a dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Stere.

No. 6.

ALSO—All that certain lot of ground situated in Penn township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described to wit: South 82½° west 165 feet to a post at an alley, south 7½° east 50 feet to a post at public road, north along public road 7½° west 50 feet to a post corner of John Behm's lot and public road to the place of beginning, bounded on the north by lot of John Behm, west alley, east by public road, being part of the same messuage tenement and piece of land which Richard Conley, High Sheriff of Centre county, by his deed roll dated and acknowledged the third day of December, 1866, granted and conveyed to Rebecca Finkle. Thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Kerstetter.

No. 7.

All the defendant's right, title and interest in and to all those certain eight tracts of land situated in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit:

No. 1.

A tract of unseated land beginning at a pine, thence by land of P. Hosterman north 68° east 224 perches to a pine, thence by land of John Hosterman south 40° east 255 perches to stones, thence by land of John Brady south 69° west 296 perches to a pine, thence by land of Hosterman and Holsworth north 15° west 288 perches to the beginning. Containing four hundred and five acres one hundred and forty-one perches and allowance.

No. 2.

ALSO—A tract of unseated land beginning at a stone, thence along land formerly owned by Samuel Martin, south forty-three and one-fourth degrees east one hundred and sixty-nine perches to a chestnut oak, thence south ten degrees west 75 perches to stones by fallen white oak, thence along land of John Brady north 78° east 190 p. to stones thence along land of heirs of Simon Gratz north 13° west 250 perches to pitch pine, thence by mountain south seventy-seven degrees west three hundred and eighteen perches to chestnut, thence south 62½° west 102½ perches to stones, thence by land of Andrew Kohrman's heirs, south 22° east 25½ perches to stones, thence by land of Samuel Martin north 71° east 168 perches to the beginning. Containing three hundred and twenty-seven acres and twelve perches and allowance.

No. 3.

A tract of improved land beginning at a post, thence by land of John Martin north seventeen and one-half degrees west one hundred and thirty-nine and three-tenth perches to a post, thence by land of Peter Hosterman north 72° east 78 perches to a post and stones at fallen tree, thence by same south forty-four degrees east one hundred and sixty perches to a chestnut oak, thence by land of John Geistwite and J. G. Erhard south seventy-five degrees west one hundred and fifty-three perches to the beginning. Containing eighty acres and 53 perches and allowance.

This tract is subject to the payment of two hundred dollars as dower at the death of Mary Martin, widow of Samuel Martin, with annual interest at six per cent during the natural life of said Mary Martin.

No. 4.

A tract of unimproved land beginning at a yellow pine, thence along land formerly owned by Rote and Harper north 17° west 88 perches to a stone, thence by land of Simon Rote north 79° east 67½ perches to a stone, thence by land of John Geistwite and Henry Shalter south seventeen degrees east sixty perches to a stone and south nineteen degrees east eighty-two perches to a stone, thence by land of Samuel Haupt south seventy degrees west sixty-eight and seven-tenths perches to the beginning. Containing thirty-seven acres and seventy-two perches.

No. 5.

A tract of improved land beginning at a spruce thence along land of Andrew Kohrman's heirs south 70½° west 154 perches to a small hickory, thence along land of John Dutweiler and others south 19¾° degrees east 231 perches to stones, thence along the mountain north sixty-seven and ¾ degrees east one hundred and fifty-three perches to a pitch pine, thence along land of J. G. Meyer and others north nineteen and one-half degrees west two hundred and twenty-four perches to the place of beginning. Containing two hundred and five acres and 117 perches and allowance.

No. 6.

A tract of unseated land which was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant granted to Samuel Haupt jr., and James M. Hunter, dated December 3, 1854, bounded on the south by lands of George Fowler, on the east by lands of J. G. Meyer and others, on the north by lands of J. G. Meyer & Co. Containing two hundred and twenty-nine acres and twenty-eight perches and allowance.

No. 7.

A tract of unseated land which was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant granted to J. G. Meyer and others, dated ———, bounded on the south by Brady's survey, east by Margaret Irvin, north by Simon Gratz, Hosterman and Holsworth, west by Samuel Haupt and James M. Hunter and George Fowler tract, containing one hundred and forty-two acres and thirty-one perches and allowance.

No. 8.

A tract of land partly improved, bounded as follows: Beginning at a spruce on side of road, thence by land of Daniel Wolfe south 59° east 42 and three-tenths perches to a white pine, thence by the same tract of Daniel Wolf north 77½° east 24 and nine-tenths perches to a post, thence by lands of Daniel S. Boyer & Co. south 17° east 86¾ p. to a stone, thence by land of D. S. Boyer & Co. North seventy degrees east sixty-seven and five-tenths perches to stones, thence by land of D. S. Boyer & Co. north seventeen degrees west one hundred and thirty-two perches to beginning, containing forty acres. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of D. S. Boyer.

No. 8.

All those two tracts or pieces of land lying and being in Potter township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded as follows, to wit:

One thereof bounded north by lands of Jacob Wagner, west by lands of Samuel Spangler's heirs, south by Tussy mountain and on the east by lands of Jos. McClellan, containing 95 acres more or less. Thereon erected a dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings.

The other thereof being a tract of land in the mountain in warrantee name of Adam Stear, containing 81 acres more or less. Being the same land which Simon P. Ruble and James C. Ruble, Exrs. of Peter Ruble, dec'd, by their deed dated the 13th day of September, 1879, conveyed to Eliza Musser, and Eliza Musser and William Musser, her husband, by deed dated April 1, 1882, conveyed the same to W. H. Ruble. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Ruble.

TERMS CASH.—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 5, 1883.

—All goods, in the line of boots and shoes, sold by Doll & Mingle, in the Brockerhoff house block, are warranted; they ask you to keep nothing that is not found as represented. They sell at the least possible profit and make up by having a large trade.

☞We will enclose bills in the REPORTER for such as are in arrears over two years, within the next four weeks, as we must have funds. Should we miss any, they can see on each newspaper address how much the date indicates to be due, and remittance can be made all the same. We trust there will be a response from all. We shall feel obliged to strike from our list such names as we find in arrears too long without showing a willingness to pay even in part. 4t

NEW SLEIGHS.—The undersigned is putting up elegant hand-made Sleighs, wood-work guaranteed first class. Parties desiring sleighs are invited to call and see these sleighs before they are painted and satisfy themselves that all is as represented. Also on hand two phaetons, one top-buggy and one platform spring wagon. These will be sold close in order to make room for other work.

25oct3t J. C. CONDO,
Penn Hall Carriage Works.

We defy competition—Garmans. *

The Democaatic majorities on 6th, are as follows:

New York 18,000, Virginia 15,000, New Jersey 8,000.

Massachusetts has 9,000 maj. against Butler.

Iowa 2,000 republican maj.

The Republican majority in the state is 18,623.

——On 12 instant, at Shenandoah, 250 horses were destroyed by fire.

Our prices are the lowest—Garmans. *

JURORS—NOV. COURT.

Jurors for 3d Monday, Nov.—Ferguson—Geo. Danley, H Ewing.....Howard—J A Woodward.....Gregg, J Grove, jr., Cy. Luse, D Burrell, Isaac Smith.....Curtin, W M Leathers, C Singer.....Bellefonte, W B Rankin, S A M'Quistion, A Loeb, I Cedar, R Ray.....Philipsburg, J Ferguson, W Riddle, A V Carpenter.....Rush, W Hutton, J O'Niel.....Spring, Isaac Reish, A J Swartz.....Potter, A Gregg, Rob. Stump, A Krumrine.....Haines, W H Philips.....Halfmoon, T Gray, W Wilson.....Snowshoe, W H Crisman, M Glenn.....Liberty, J A Stover.....Marion, Calvin Harper.....Worth, D H Canon, H H Osman.....Harris, F Weber.....Penn, B Frankenberger.....Patton, J B Mattern.

GRAND JURORS, 4th Monday.—Boggs, C Curtin, J A Crider, G W Fleck.....Gregg, W Heckman, John Rossman, J W Evens, F Hartman.....Huston, J P Turner, J Henderson.....Patton, P A Sellers, G W F Gray.....Potter, E Hosterman, J B Runkle, Peter Brosh.....Miles, E S Shafer.....Worth, Jas. Morrison, G F Jones.....Millheim, W S Musser.....Bellefonte, W Harper.....Howard, E Hecklan.....Union, J. C Peters.....Harris, S F Ishler.....Rush, W F Cullen.....Walker, S Homan.

TRAVERSE JURORS, 1st week.—Rush, J B Blowers, J Dumbleton.....Penn, D E Gentzel, Harry Kling.....Walker, W Webner, J Garbrick, John Delany.....Haines, H O Bower, J S Homan, J W Runkle.....Harris, Henry Swab, W D Keller, Ferguson, S Dunlap, Al Hoy, John Bailey.....Liberty, D Confer.....Howard, J R Leathers, J Leathers.....Huston, F Craig.....Unionville, W Vanvalin.....Bellefonte, E T Tuten, D Haines, J E M'Cartney, H H Montgomery, G T Gerberick.....Spring, Sh. Lyon, Wm. Bilger.....Gregg, Jacob M'Cool, G B Crawford, J B Heckman.....Union, G Sheesly, J Z Long.....Philipsburg, J Beighol, W Wilson, W Davis.....Snowshoe, W Lowman.....Miles, D Harter.....Boggs, F Harvey.....Worth, J Woodring.....College, G S Keller, W Patterson.....Potter, M Shirey, W J Thompson, W Henny.....Millheim, H Brown.....Benner, J Henderson.....Patton, T B Waddle.....Halfmoon, T Way.

JURORS, 2d week.—Boggs, G W Leyman, H Heaton, T Watson, J A Whitehill.....Philipsburg, W G Heimach, C H Custard, J B Childs.....Walker, H Bartholomew, S Martin, R Long.....Bellefonte, C H Hesler, J Schofield, J Fox, C Strickland.....Millheim, S G Gutlebius.....College, W Grow, Wm Tresler, R Foster.....Potter, M L Emerick, J M Gilliland.....Haines, H J Crouse.....Benner, W H Glose.....Union, J B Alexander.....Burnside, W Zimmerman.....Miles, J R Wolf, J Hazel, jr., J Snavely.....Taylor, G Capenhaver, S Nearhoof.....Libercy, D Kline, M Bechdol.....Milesburg, J C P Jones.....Union, J C Steer.....Ferguson, J Fortney Rush, H M'Conn.

THE SUN.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same trip of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times.

If every buyer of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readible shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go to its coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

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DAILY, 50 cents a month; $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $7.

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, especially articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary views of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.

WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of great value, special market reports, and literary, scientific and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10 an extra copy free. Address, I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,

14nov6t THE SUN, N. Y. City.

Cotton flanels from 6c to 18 cts. at Garmans. *

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 29, 1883.

(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia.
Corn	Nov.	49⅞	—58a59
Wheat	"	97⅝	—1.09¾
Oats	"	29	—37a38
Pork	"	11.85	
Lard	"	7.77½	
Petroleum			—1.15½.

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Grain—Wheat, 1 00; Rye, 60; Oats, 35, Corn, 60, old 50 by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 25, eggs 30, ham 16, shoulders 14, sides 12½, lard 12½, potatoes 50—by Valentines' Store.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 20 to 25 cts. per lb; eggs, 30 to 33 cts. per doz; potatoes, 50c, chickens, 50 to 60 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 55 cts. per bu; oats, 40 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 25 to 50 cts. per pk; cabbage, 8 to 10 per head apples, 20 to 25c per peck; turnips, 15c per peck; celery, 5 cents per stalk.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red and mix	$1.00